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EDITED BY
THOMAS C. LATTO.

Sae till't I set, an' rhym'd awa,
Till I hae made a book o't ;
An' tho' I should rue't a' my life,
I'll gie the world a look o't.

JOHN LAPRAIK.

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P R E F A C E.

IT was the remark of ROGER L'ESTRANGE, that a gallant might as soon appear at Court without a cravat, as an author venture before the public without a preface; and unwilling to offend the manes of this old Master of the Ceremonies, the Editor begs briefly to state his connexion with the principal Poem of this little volume.

In rummaging last summer among the musty papers of a garret in Fife, he discovered a manuscript dated 1815, a slight perusal of which satisfied him that, however humble the theme, its conduct and style evinced no ordinary powers. A closer and more deliberate review of the poem has not weakened that

impression, and he thinks he has reason for congratulating himself on having been the means of disintombing such a relic from the Herculaneum of the Past.

The author's name being adhibited to the manuscript, the Editor had no difficulty in discovering him, and ultimately prevailed on him to allow its publication, under the express proviso that he was to remain a " veiled prophet."

The shortness, however, of this Tale, suggested to the Editor the idea of attaching to it some of his own effusions, which had appeared in a fugitive form in various periodicals, so as to form a presentable volume ; and to a proposal of the kind the author of the Kail-Yard readily acceded. Without such a friendly grateful shade, the Editor may state, that his own unpretending verses would never have been dragged from their obscurity, but have mouldered away in his garret, as quietly as their betters before them. However, he makes here no apology for their appearance. Aware that the public is the court whence there

is no appeal, and which sooner or later awards the most impartial justice, he is perfectly content to await its sentence. An unfavourable judgment will not depress, nor will even a verdict of insignificance vex him much :—

“ Him who ne’er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne’er appal.”

One thing, at least, he may say for himself, that whatever little turn for rhyming he may have, he has never perverted it to satirizing friend or foe ; nor is he aware of having ever penned a line to injure the feelings of a single individual.

If he has failed in many of the Lyrics, he would ask the reader to remember, that there are few pieces of composition so apparently easy, but in reality so difficult as a Scotch Song ; and few indeed have succeeded in hitting the happy medium between silliness and simplicity. To have failed, therefore, where so many have proved unsuccessful, is no great matter.

For his own verses in this volume, he arrogates no merit on the score of originality, conscious as he is,

that many of the thoughts and sentiments therein contained are, but too frequently, little more than mere echoes to the nobler strains of the Dead Kings of Melody. In particular, he takes this opportunity of stating, that the subject of the tale entitled Lord Thomas or the Dead Man's Ride, has been taken up centuries ago in the Scottish metrical ballad entitled Erl Richard ; while among the German poets, BURGER has occupied the same ground in his wild story of Leonore. However, as the incident of the ride is wanting in the Scotch ballad, the Editor trusts he will be excused for including his version of the tale among the other pieces of the volume.

An objection may be urged, which will apply to almost all the pieces in the volume, that they are couched in a dialect rapidly becoming obsolete. It is an objection frequently brought against the song writers of Scotland, and if it be a fault to be attached to our old Doric language, with all its sweetness, force, and flexibility,—endeared to us, moreover, as it is from recollections and associations fondly cherished,

—the Editor must plead guilty. But there is neither eccentricity nor singularity in clinging to these old forms and modes of speech. All our living Scottish poets, without a single exception, dress their thoughts in the garb of other years,—all strike old fashioned harps, with ancient strings.

There is no country in the world so rich in old songs of the heart as our own, and looking to them, and proud of them, is it too much to say, that Scotland has other relics of the past—other Regalia to point to with exultation, than the time-honoured jewels preserved in Edinburgh Castle. Locked up in no dingy Crown Room,—the true Regalia are more jealously and safely guarded still, for their receptacle is the heart of a people.

While the name of Burns survives, and the “Flowers of the Forest” remain, the language of Scotland will not utterly have “wedded away;” and the Editor is old fashioned enough not to regret having poured out his thoughts and feelings

“In a burst o’ his mither tongue.”

The Editor has much pleasure in acknowledging the obligations under which he lies to his gifted friend Mr MAXWELL, Editor of Miss Blamire's Poems, for many valuable hints and suggestions while the volume was passing through the press.

THE
MINISTER'S KAIL-YARD.

Introduction.

PARNASSIAN Maids! immortal Nine!
O quit your bowers of eglantine,—
The shady grove—the choral dell—
The murmuring stream, and limpid well;
Come from the bosom of the mount,
The sacred, ever-during fount
Of Helicon, and with you bring
Th' inspiring spirit of the Spring,
To wake in me the seeds of song,
Hid dormant through a winter long;
The breath of poesy breathe round,
With sweetest influence on the ground;

Foster the young poetic plant,
Assiduous aid its every want ;
Oh ! warm it with celestial beam,
Refresh it from Castalian stream ;
From Danaë's golden urn diffuse
Enriching showers, prolific dews ;
So may the lowly plant expand,
And rise majestically grand,
Until it tower in grace supreme,
The great co-equal of my theme.

Your minstrels of a sterner stamp
Than humble I, may sing the camp,
The foray, siege, or battle dire,
Where men like demons fight in fire ;
More fitting theme for lowlier bard,
Be mine, the Minister's Kail-Yard.

THE
MINISTER'S KAIL-YARD.

CANTO I.

LAST^r hairst, at purple close o' day,
Ben^rorth the banks o' bonnie Tay,
A Reverend Worthy newly plac'd,
His party gane, slipp'd out in haste,
To revel in a langer glance,
On his belov'd, new weddit manse,—
Infold her in his fancy's arms,
And dwell delighted on her charms.

Her nat'ral beauties seem'd superior,
Her artificial scarce inferior ;

A shawl o' shrubb'ries round her flew,
Half veil'd, half shew'd her to the view :
Her robe, o' velvet grass, was bound
Wi' tastefu' walks, that round her wound ;
That robe wi' shrubs adorn'd an' hemm'd,
By sweetest flowers enrich'd and gemm'd ;
While crowning elm on high appears
The bonnet an' the plume she wears :
Her foot is by the crystal rill,
That dimples, wimples past her still ;
The prospect charm'd his ravish'd ee,
An' mair than fill'd his heart wi' glee ;
My ain ! he cried—'tis death alane
Shall part us, now thour't made my ain !

Not puir Crusoe in desert isle,
Beheld wi' mair complacent smile,
His wooden castle quite complete ;
Or wi' sic rapture, an' sae sweet,
Did Romeo owre his Juliet dwell ;
Or on her gems the new wed belle ;
The Roman Matron on her son,
Returning crown'd wi' laurels won ;

Or topers in a gleesome bunch,
Upon their reekin' lake o' punch ;
Or on his beads the Devotee,
As did our Reverend Inductee
On a' the beauties which surrounded ;
In fact his joy was justly groundèd ;
For lang experience gart him say
A manse may jink ye mony a day ;
Though douce, a fav'rite, an' consistent,
For years he'd only been assistant.

Alang the winding, gravelly walks
Our Minister delighted stalks ;
Scarce Avon's bard could ken himsell
The joys serene that in him dwell ;
Sweet gratitude wi' rapture blent,
Th' exalted essence o' content ;
Or read the changes in his features,
As beauties rose—now Art's, now Nature's.

There marked distinctly ye might see
A bridled joy mid lurking glee,—
A calm delight—a thankfulness,—
A wholesome check on joy's excess.

It was a night o' loveliness,
Like Pity's smile to cheer distress ;
The ardent pulse o' Summer's heat
In Nature's bosom seem'd to beat,
Again to warm her languid tide,
An' bid her flagging spirits glide ;
But ah ! that hectic on her cheeks
Owre sad o' past an' present speaks ;
Illusive smiles play owre her lips,
Whose blossoms death insidious sips ;
How faintly swell her thrilling notes,
The melting lay unanswered floats ;
Alake ! where are the warblings gay
That hail'd her melodies in May ?
Yet with the thrilling notes there stole
A pleasing sadness through the soul,
Tuning the melancholy mind,
In sympathetic concord joined,
To pensive muse, absorbing grief.
That courts excess, and flies relief :
Lovely as Beauty thus she lay,
Wasting, yet smiling in decay.

The brown leaves rustle in the breeze,
That gently rocks the yellow trees,
Hums through the boughs, and beechen hedges,
And gradually the grove unfledges.

Unspotted glows yon upper sky,
How soft its blue, how deep its dye ;
Here like a crown o' glory bright,
Aboon the sinking orb o' light,
A flood o' flame streams dazzling forth,
Illumes the South, and gilds the North,
Emboss'd in gold, celestial ore,
A long, effulgent, fairy shore,
Bedeck'd wi' rubied isles that gleam
Transcendent in the setting beam.

The Parson like a parson felt,
His bosom danc'd a merry lilt,
As neebor-like it shar'd the joy,
That cheer'd the day's departing foy.

His eydent ee's now gladsome borne
Owre cattle, gleibe, an' ricks o' corn,
Ev'n to his hen-house, an' his doo-cot,
His barn, an' byre, he pawky lookit ;

But what attracted maist regard,
Appeared to be a grand Kail-Yard,
Weel stock'd an' cropp'd by predecessor,
O what a prize to be successor !
A Christian spirit that evine'd,
You wince perhaps—or may hae winced :
It shew'd that predecessor did
According as the Scriptures bid ;
He did to others as he would
They'd do by him, whene'er they should.

Here fruitful berry bushes crowd,
There rasp an' currant sairly dow'd,
Fine thrivin' trees, plums, apples, pears,
Pronounced prime bearers for their years,
Wi' a' the vegetables that
Ye seek for picklin', pau, or pat ;
The hale seem'd guid, an' he was vogie,
Nae danger o' a' scrimpit coggie !

His cabbage an' his curly kail,
O' kail an' cabbage seem'd the wale ;
His taties, syboes, neeps, an' carrots
Cried “ come an' eat us ” just like parrots ;

Nae wonder that a scene sae glowing,
Fill'd heart an' saul to overflowing,
Till sleepy night pu'd down her hood,
An' sent him hame to chow his eood ;
Then kindly on his manse he lookit,
Unsneck'd the door, an' thro' it joukit.

An' now behold him by his ingle,
Alane he's not, an' yet seems single ;
What crowds o' recollections dear,
Bright hopes, gay fancies, come to cheer ;
Round goes the bottle o' delight,
Thus wags away the merry night.

How snugly in his elbow chair,
Our Worthy lolls, content an' mair ;
His ingle sheds a eheerie lowe,
Like sunshine on the daisied knowe,
While by his side a glass o' toddy
Speaks words o' comfort to his body.

His labours owre—his mind fatigued,
The glass fu' nimbly thro' him jigg'd ;
His *quantum sufficit* did guid,
Because it warm'd, not fir'd the bluid :

Our profit's in the rightfu' use
O' things, our loss in the abuse.

There's bliss in love—whiles guid in drink,
Too much of each maks reason wink;
Then sic “fantastic tricks” are play'd,
Sic drunken boasts, sic weddings made,
That angels weep—for soon thae phrenzies
Exhausted yield to sober'd senses;
Then comes the ache, an' sair distress
O' drowning reason in excess.

The parson troth was ne'er a hermit,
To keep frae savoury things a permit,
To starve on roots in rocky cell,
An' slake his thirst frae chilly well;
Tho' envious sectaries might rail,
He took his glass, an' supp'd his kail;
Yet, be it kent, in moderation,
Befittin' o' his holy station.
He thought like me 'twas ne'er intendit
That man should starve whan man could mend it,
An' like a poor wretch in his hammock,
Divorce gude victuals frae his stamaek:

Na ! na ! their union's just the thing ;
What weel-faur'd fancies frae it spring ;
Strong manly thoughts that put to shame
Th' abortions o' a root-fed wame :
Nae great religion weel-awyte,
In rumblin' wi' an empty kyte,
Whereas a weel-bless'd wame we feel,
Creates baith thankfulness an' zeal.

It was wi' him a fav'rite maxim,
Ne'er to let fretfu' fancies tax him ;
To these the selfish, vain an' idle
Gie rein,—but wiser pu' the bridle ;
Already life has crosses real,
Quite ample—then why raise ideal,—
Those ghaists o' evils that hae been,
Perplexing, vexing, yet ne'er seen ?
The safest gliders thro' the warld
Are ne'er owre nice an' dainty farl'd ;—
Sae tak things quietly was his motto,
As aft he counsell'd *roce sotto*,
Yet let occasion ca' for mair,
He'd dare what Christian man should dare.

In season blithe, jocose an' crouse,
At proper times, sedate an' douce,
Fuss about trifles he thought folly,
Sae practis'd, an' behold him jolly.

His tumbler toom'd to hindmost dribble.
An' e'en begun to gather stibble,
He thought wi' pleasure o' his nest,
An' instant wish'd himsell undress'd.

Ah! midst our lot o' miseries,
What greater can we weel devise,
Than a' the torment o' undressin',
Whan bed at ance wad be a blessin' !
Just as the leaden ee-lid steeks,
To be obliged to fecht wi' b——ks,
When toiling, pechin, are sae sair,
That sleep deserts you in despair ;
You haste—but ere you can streek under,
Somnus an' you are miles asunder.
Call spirits frae the vasty deep ;
But will they come? Nae mair will sleep :
Grow peevish—cankered—deadly cross,
He'll only laugh, an' let ye toss

Till mornin' dawns, then like a peerie
He'll doze down on yer ee-lids weary.

Yet be it kent, no like a Heathen,
The Pastor bedded without breathin'
A simple, gratefu', heartfelt prayer
To' Him wha deigns for man to care ;
Man, fragile being o' His breath,
Presumptuous aft, how cow'd in death :
Sun, moon, an' stars, air, earth, an' sea,
How fair ! Who form'd ye all ? Not we !
Did nothing make ye ? No ! Ah well !
Perhaps fools think each made itsell,
As ^abeast makes beast by Nature's laws,
O'erlook'd by such the Great First Cause
Who made the primal man arise
On earth, *by* ocean, but '*neath* skies,
Where mightier worlds than ours we see
In countless millions,—What are we ?
Man's vanity may shout, we're gods !
I only point to yon green sods.

Afore the Pastor thought o' dozin',
He took a survey through the lozen,

Then like a moudie down he howks,
An' haps the claes around his chowks ;
Like pie in oven soon gets cozie,
Then draps into a peacefu' dozie.

THE
MINISTER'S KAIL-YARD.

CANTO II.

ALAKE ! there's nought 'tween sorrow's cup
An' lip foredoom'd to sip it up ;
O, Parson ! Parson ! what dismay
Will knock you down at keek o' day ;
Ah ! then ye'll rowe, as frae yer pillow,
Slap-dash into an ice-cauld billow ;
Or, Job-like, fa' frae prosp'rous height,
Unwarn'd, into a waefu' plight ;
Sleep on ! Sleep on ! the night's yer frien',
Owre aft the morning mourns yestreen,

Its hopes, its joys, an' peace o' mind,
Dissever'd since, now far behind,
Still driftin' far an' far'er from us,
Till their return's without a promise,
But that's where vice or passion wrong
Hae reign usurp'd, because they're strong.

Sleep! Parson sleep! for sleep's yer frien',
There's mischief nigh you, though unseen :
Sleep! Parson sleep!—gude troth he slept,
Unweetin' o' a storm, that swept
Destruction owre his kail domain,
An' havoc through his ricks o' grain.

Like Eve an' Adam in their bower
O' scented shrub an' fragrant flower,
As blest in innocence they lay,
Unconscious o' the fearfu' fae,
That clos'd around to work their wae ;
Sae did th' unconscions Worthy sleep,
While round him fell destroyers sweep,
Circling his garden in a rowte,
In shape o' sax-score Highlant nowte ;

Och ! dire mishap, that led them thither
Frae norland hills o' gorse an' heather.

These shaggy, scraggy, bandit rovers,
Were trav'ling slow to southern clovers,
To sleek their tawtit, runkled rumps,
An' line their ribs wi' fatty lumps ;
A bait to Englishers, I ween,
Wha canna thole what's puir or lean.

Alake ! this drove, as night fell dark,
Were bivouack'd in adjoining park ;
Malicious freak o' fortune's frolics,
To post sae mony starving bullocks
Out owre a field o' sapless stibble,
Whare scarce a blade was left to nibble,—
A wooden fence, the only guard
Between it an' the Saunt's Kail-yard.

Nae need o' fence to fend his gear
Frae kintra folks, for a' revere
The holy office pastors hold,—
The sacred shepherds o' God's fold ;
In these they see an' feel a friend,
To lead through life, ayont its end,

To life immortal,—regions, where
There's bliss an' rest for evermair.

Aweel, the nowte, like eastern plague,
Devouring owre the park stravaig,
Boring their heads down, like a dibble.
Amang the barren, jaggy stibble ;
Raking alang beneath the hedges,
Like fishers wi' their oyster-dredges.

As Herschel, wi' his telescope,
Ranging 'mang stars wi' ardent hope,
Hunting for planets—ferlies queer,
Till Georgium Sidus did appear,—
Sae owre the field the cattle pass,
Wi' eydent ee, in search o' grass ;
Stibble, like stars, they found in plenty,
But grass, like planets, unco scanty ;
Consider, then, how joy'd the stot,
Wha got at last a glimm'ring o't !

In this way were the herd ta'en up,
Whan *ane* discovered how to sup ;
He was a shrewd, incarnate deevil,
Self will'd— for ever scheming evil,—

A wee, bow'd, bandy-leggit buffer,
But pointer-like, a famous snuffer;
Whan snaw lay heavy on the ground,
His neebor stots his talents own'd :
The grassy patch, deep smoor'd in snaw,
He'd smell it out, an' show't to a' ;
His fiery, sharp, deep-seated ee
Wad never rest,—and O ! 'twas slee ;—
Malicious and misshapen born,
He seem'd, like Richard, made for scorn,
And hate ;—for, whether first or last,
The dogs bark'd at him as he pass'd.

His hide was rough wi' curly hair,
As black's a crow,—his forehead fair,
Surmounted wi' twa broken horns,
Scarce langer than my Granny's corns ;
An' various bumps—the Combative,
Acquisitive—not Amative ;
Largely defin'd was Ideality,
But doubly larger his Rascality :—
No Veneration—Self-esteem
Tremendous,—aye in rogues supreme.

By this ye'll guess this leading beast
Had conscience smaller than its least ;
That's nane at a' ;—some men hae that ;
Thus brutes an' them hob-nob the faut.

This Imp survey'd the Pastor's paling,
An' saw th' advantage of assailing ;
The right of entry, and of search,
He thought, belong'd to those who'd march,
An' risk their hides, without a thought
Of—can I—should I—or I ought.

Ah Mexico ! thy golden spires
In Cortes thus fann'd fiercest fires,
As thou—doom'd city ! frae the hill
Appear'd to float on waters still,
An' rais'd incitement in the hero—
Andes on Andes over zero.

Take modern instance—prettily
'Neath barrier Alps lay Italy :
Temptation here—the Frenchmen there,
Their leader, Boney, ripe to dare ;
Pass !—Pagico !—the Alps are pass'd,
An' Italy enjoy'd at last

As Hannibal before him did it;
Which conjurer, then, deserves maist credit?

We've said the stot beside the paling
Perceived the advantage of assailing:
Convinc'd o' this—is't politic
To let ane's conscience kick or prick,
Where great advantage can be got?
The thing were madness, moo'd the stot;
What nonsense, then, to chitter, chatter,
The paling's doom'd, sae here goes at her!

This said, he push'd an' push'd again,
Re-push'd, re-butted, but in vain;
The line o' paling thus drove back
Unbroken quite, his first attack;
That coves a Frenchman, but our stot
Enrag'd—for Highland bluid he'd got.

If rival bulls by chance forgather,
They glare, then *back* frae ane anither,
Syne forward dash, wi' frantie bound,—
The weakest rolls upon the ground;—
Or thus,—as batt'ring rams fall back,
To plunge wi' mair tremendous thwack
Against the city doom'd to sack;—

Or—vaulters light, to mak their swoop
Mair certain, through high paper'd hoop ;—
Or bowler, at a match o' cricket,
To force those Dardanelles,—the wicket ;—
Sae skill'd—but how he learn'd is curious,—
The stot drew back t' advance mair furious ;
The charge was worthy Waterloo,
Crash, smash, the fence in shivers flew ;
Amang the cabbages he drives,
The monster ! how he rugs an' rives.

Ye've seen a dam across a gutter,
By laddies bigg'd, 'mid splash an' splutter,
Out owre its surface, spread at large,
Pea-hools an' corks, for boat an' barge :
When ane, on fun or mischief bent,
Assails the dyke—effects a rent,—
Forth gushes wi' mad, desp'rate clatter,
Th' impatient, hurrying, headlong water,
Drawing along, by strong attraction,
The hools an' corks within its action.

Thus, then, the nowte frae far an wide
The breach attracts, an' through they stride :

As air to fill a vacuum rushes,
Sae ilk resistless onwards pushes,—
A clan o' wild, four-legg'd Rob Roys,
Descended frae their mountain joys,
Not come, to gather in black mail,
But levy blacker on the kail :
Right—left—and on, the flood disperses,
The garden's at their *tender* mercies :
Like victors of a town assaulted,
They ravag'd on, an' never halted,
Still pressing on, frae bad to worse,
Wi' less, an' less, an' less remorse ;
Till desolation, far an' wide
Is spread an' shed on ilka side.

Beside the yard the barn-yard stood,
Inviting a' to change o' food ;
Politely open stood a yett,
Which kintra folks to steek forget,
Through which the drove a minuet walks,
To waltz an' dance amang the stacks ;
They choose for partners wham they please,
Some Hay, some Aits, an' some sweet Pease :

What spinning round—what fearless tossing,
Down—back again—cross horns—sic crossing.
What pu'ing o' their partners round,
Like reeling deils they gar them bound ;
Sic gallivanting ne'er was seen
At weddings, kirns, in barn, or green.

At balls we only feast the ee,
As up an' down its beauties flee :
Had stots that night been sae contentit,
Their acts by me had ne'er been prentit ;
But here was flagrant gross abduction,
Rank ruin, robb'ry an' destruction ;
Goths, Vandals, Scythians, in their fury,
Ne'er spread warse ruin, I assure ye :
Not Pharoah's locusts—(beg your pardon)—
Did half sic damage in his garden ;
They munch'd its blades—but these vile beeves
Devour'd, destroy'd root, stem, an' leaves,
So much, that Etna frae his crater
Could hardly mak the havoc greater ;
Or bestial deluge be exceeded
By that o' water which preceded.

Thou Alpha and Omega o't !
Thou fell Attila of a Stot !
Thou Hun—par excellence—thou Deevil ;
Or his prime minister o' evil,—
To work our Worthy siccan scaith,
As ne'er before befel the claith.

The Pastor had a wee bit pup,
That he was training virtuous up :
It was as playfu' a bit doggie,
As ever lick'd a parritch luggie :
Puir beastie, whan it heard the rowte,
It instantly flew forth to scout ;
Not like Don Quixote did it rush,
Assur'd the hale sax-score to crush ;
But wha for this can scorn its spirit ?
Rashness is madness, and not merit ;
Yet, like Guerilla, there an' here,
It flegg'd the flanks—beat up the rear,
T' expel the garden promenaders,—
These lowing—mooing serenaders :
But ah ! a surly, sulky Goth,
Wi' horns like bignets, wax'd sair wroth ;

The pup, alake ! had nipp't his heels ;
Whisk round th' atrocious vagrant wheels,
An', wi' terrific downward dart,
Transfixes doggie through the heart ;
Then, bawbee-like, spins up the whalp,
Not *quite* sae high as gray-pow'd Alp,
Nor *half* as high as Largo Law :
Puir doggie fell an' ne'er mov'd paw ;
Gleg, gladsome, faithfu,' dear, wee doggie,
Nae mair for you they'll heap the luggie !

Meantime—O shame !—the Drovers lay
In neighb'ring barn, ensconc'd in strae ;
Frae weary trail—cauld dewy sky,—
They judg'd it better than *out-bye*.

Wi' mountain-dew themsells' they'd warm'd,
But kent that sky-dew chill'd an' harm'd,
Depress'd them sairly—while the ither
Maks man see in the Moon his brither ;—
Balloon-like, lifts him owre earth's mist,
An' far aboon, to shake his fist ;
The bubble bursts, an' there they lie,
Like swine in midden, or in sty ;

The drove fene'd in—the collies near,—
They'd drank, got drunk, without a fear.

'Tis true, like Richard in his tent,
They started aft—the cause unkent ;
Nae regal ghaists afore them march'd,
As white an' stiff as collars starch'd :
But waur,—far waur ;—out owre their faces,
Were rottens rinnin midnight races ;—
Still waur—a rotten took a rug
O' this ane's cheek, an' that ane's lug :
Ae drover simply gied a roar,
The ither—" d——n ye" ! and a snore.
At length, amidst the rotten's daffin ;
The cock was heard in hen-house flaffin,
An' crawin' glad his " leerie la !" —
A warning-bell that startled a'.

Like ghaist that smells th' asthmatic morn,
Or thwarted witch, they shrank forlorn ;
Anither crawl !—to hole ilk jinks,
Like rabbits seaur'd in Gullan Links.

The primal crawl, like quick'ning spell,
Upon the snoozing Drovers fell :

Ilk whammel'd round, wi' heavy grane,
Syne coupit owre in sleep again ;
At second craw—they jump'd, I ween, }
Like Dominie jagged wi' corkit preen, }
An' gauntin' loudly, rubb'd their een ; }
But at the third—th' eventfu' third,
The stalwart pair in earnest stirr'd,
Syne warslin', reestled thro' the strae,
At early glimm'ring o' the day,—
Their plaids threw round them, late their
blanket,

Took up their rungs, an' out-bye shankit.

The park attain'd, wi waggin' tail
Ilk collie springs, to snowk an' hail
Its pridefu' maister, wha's bit clap
Maks collie frisky in a rap.

The air near earth wi' mist is drumly,
But O ! the blue aboon is comely ;
The far aff east in gorgeous guise
Is decking out his gladd'ning skies :
Ilk moment tints mair rich an' red—
Vermilion—golden, are outspread,—

T' adorn an' decorate a sky,
Mair glorious as the sun draws nigh.

But ere that advent, wi' amaze,
Owre empty park, the drovers gaze ;
“ 'Ot tam it ! Tonal, whare's she got ?
Her 'canna see a single stot,”—

Said Murdoch, as he claw'd his cantle,
His fears a heap—self-blame a hantle ;
“ Och ! far the teevil has her gane ?”

Yet Donald answer'd not again,
But heez'd his bonnet—knit his brow,
An' scarted up an' down his pow ;
A while it seem'd a' thought was gane ;
'Twa's only fled frae face to brain,
An' soon cam back “ itself again ;”

The loon had spied, wi' consternation,
The drove's untoward situation :
“ Wheesht ;” beck'ning Luath to his heels,
Awa' like thief he cow'rin' steals,
To drive the cattle frae the garden,
Sans thanks, or paying down a farden ;

His ruse succeeded as he meant,
Nane heard—nane saw—while aff they went.
An' sair the panting herd they goad
To gain unseen the crowded road,
Where lost mid ither droves, amain,
The best pursuit might prove in vain.

THE
MINISTER'S KAIL-YARD.

CANTO III.

FORTH walks the Morn in smiles an' blushes,
Th' enamour'd Sun pursuing rushes ;
A maiden coy an' timid she,
A lover bold and ardent he ;
Yielding at length, wi' heighten'd charms,
She melts in his enclasping arms.
From such embrace, sprang forward gay
The young enthusiastic Day :
The gentle Zephyr soon he lov'd ;
Too ardent he ! she disapprov'd,

But temp'ring down to purer Noon,
She sighing, dying, yielded soon :
Beauty divine—their darling child,
Serene, and sweet, meek, modest, mild,
The soften'd image of the morn,
The lovely, pensive Eve was born ;
The Sun, wi' fondly ling'ring rays,
Wi' her delighted climbs the braes,
Sweir,—sweir to part, yet sinking fast,
His head unclouded to the last.

Sad, sad she ee'd the parent beam,
An' dew'd wi' tears his closing gleam ;
Bereaved o' him, her life an' light,
She early sunk entomb'd in night.

Thus in the Sun—Morn—Noon, and Eve,
A type o' mankind we perceive :
The fiery, ardent, brilliant, fair,
One common fate their final share ;
They rise their destin'd course to run,
Glow, dazzle, melt, and all is done :
Not so ! the re-ascending ray
Proclaims the dawn of brighter day.

But to proceed,—our sun fu' cheerie,
Glintin' owre braes an' hedges brierie,
Cam liltin' forth, wi' blythesome bound,
Enravishing Creation round.

The ploughman whistlin' frae his bield,
Now hies wi' naigs to stibble field,
Forgotten fykes, perhaps sair sorrows,
He lays along the kindly furrows ;
Amang the roupit 'tatoe drills,
The cotters heap their pocks an' creels ;
There dochter, mither, son an' father,
Wi' tentie ee, scrape, howk, an' gather ;
Nane time to clishmaclaivers lend,
But busy to the 'tatoes tend ;
For Winter's comin,' snell an' dour,
Sae a' improve the passing hour :
As thrang as bees or eydent ants,
Providing for their winter wants :
For oh ! whan winter's on the wing,
Sad sight a scrimpit 'tatoe-bing ;
Far, far frae towns, mid ice an' snaws,
Sad lot is his wham it befa's.

Yonder the sower owre the land
Flings forth the seed wi' skilly hand ;
Ahint the burying harrows spread,
An' hap it in its mystic bed ;
While swarms o' resurrection craws
Aft follow wi' their scartin claws ;
Eh ! clever is the loon atweel
Wha doses ane wi' leaden pill ;
For cunnin' are they as the deil. }

Nature ! thou mother scientific,
Thou library o' arts prolific ;
Hear thee discourse—attend thy movements,
We canna miss to gain improvements ;
Ye speak what words can ne'er impart,
High thoughts, an' feelings, to the heart.

Behold the seed the sower showers,
Observe its fate—that fate is ours ;
'Tis buried, and it mould'ring lies ;
No ! something in it never dies :
A quicken'd spirit that will rise,
Vernant an' beautiful in spring,
To full perfection flourishing,— }

Save grains the worm o' evil gnaws,
Or picks up like destructive craws.

Hark ! owre the lea an' stibble grun',
The early sportsman's pealin' gun :
Pap—gangs his double barrell—pap !
An' down a brace o' pairtricks drap :
His satisfaction's now complete,
The challenger lies at his feet ;
Their mocking whirr, and scornfu' sraich,
When springing up, hae brought them laigh.
He loads again—behold a hare
Cour'd in her form—he shoots—is't fair ?
Cat's room an' dog's room for the beast,
Puir thing ! O gie't a chance at least !

Blithe, blithe's the kintra far an' near,
Serene the air—the sky how clear ;—
What brilliant gems bestud the thorn,
How radiant seems the robe of morn ;—
How blithe the Sun peeps owre the village,
As if to cheer the busy tillage.

An' now our worthy Minister
Though prest wi' sleep, begins to stir ;

It us'd, 'tis said, to be his way,
To lie an' muse the coming day :
Rap at the door, he'd answer, winking,
“ I'm gaun to rise, it's time, I'm thinking !”
But aft the bed grew cozier, safter,
An' found him thinking twa hours after ;
Perhaps he's done it ance—nay twice,
That's aye or aft wi' folks not nice,
In ringing Slander's far-heard bells
'Gainst better folk—when hid themsells ;
Be that however as it may,
This morn he rose without delay :
I've search'd an' trac'd the definition
To his new-fangled acquisition.

Swift on the floor his feet he clankit,
But stoiter'd as he tried to shank it :
The spirit mov'd, but still the body
Was unco fu' o' nid—nid—noddie ;
At length, as sleep his grasp relaxes,
The system poises on its axis.

His winnock-glass, like cosmoramic,
Commands a view quite panoramic :

Here cultur'd fields—there moor an' hill,—
Mountains beyond, an' mountains still,—
This way an' that, where'er he's glancing,
Some loch is smiling—burnie dancing ;
Awhile he stands in pleasing muse,
An' thus methinks the scene reviews.—

How pleas'd I ee these Highlant champions,
Hill-grenadiers ! yon line of Grampians ;
Erect and bold they look defiance,
An' lofty—claim wi' sky alliance :—
These green hills in advance are rifles,
Fu' weel—but still to those but trifles—
Behind them high—an' 'tis not flattery,
How finely plac'd that foaming battery :
With what a sweep it downward pours
Its torrent, as it smokes an' roars ;
These solid squares o' fields look grand,
They're really lucky wha command ;
How finely those brigaded rivers
Advance—whose charge knocks a' to shivers.
These light dragoons o' bickering streams,
How brisk they curvet in the beams ;

Flanking that fine reserve o' larch,
In full array prepar'd to march
To nameless dock-yards to be ships,
To slip frae slips to warst o' slips :
The like has been—the like may be,
I've seen—but hope ne'er mair to see. *

As kindly bleeze to frozen wight,
The Pastor hails a scene sae bright ;
Fu' glad, like worthies o' his callin',
His lines sae pleasantly had fallen.

O ! sweet, and deep the joy he felt,
As on his ain bit gleibe he dwelt ;
The bright burn dancing at its feet,
Amid a lawn wi' flowrets sweet,
That blush an' breathe their very hearts,
As the lov'd Sun his kiss imparts :
On his kail-yard, too, yearn'd to glint,
But couldna, for 'twas placed ahint ;
Respectit Worthy ! let me sough ;
I rede ye'll see't, an' soon aneugh.

* Alluding to the ill-fated fir frigates employed towards the conclusion of the war in 1814.

An' now his raiment swift he seized,
Afraid o' cauld, for twice he'd sneezed.
The Eleusian myst'ries o' the toilette
We'll leave unsung—inviolate ;
Suffice it then, that in a wee
He sallied forth quite cap-a-pee ;
A little quicker than in common,
To view by morn, what pleas'd in gloamin ;
Comparisons, 'tis said are odious,
Yet lead to truth, an' that's commodious.

Now forth he sallied, having first
Own'd fealty to the faith he nurs'd,
And humbly paid th' allegiance true,
Frae creature to Creator due,—
Pour'd forth his heart in gratitude,
The Christian's best beatitude.

Wi' pleas'd, attemper'd step, he slips
Around his lawn—at length he skips
To greet his garden in the morn,
When nature's freshest charms adorn ;
Arriv'd—he hurried in—but lo !
Just 'scaped a clyte—'twas touch an' go ;

Advanc'd again—skid went his heels ;
Gude man, he nearly cowp'd the creels ;
Adown he gazed—was puzzled vastly,—
Look'd round and round, an' dreadfu' ghastly.

But now, ere travelling farther on,
He called for Ailie Morrison,
Wha on the green was spreadin' claes,
To bleach them in the mornin' rays.

The best o' Ailie's days were gane,
She'd sairly griev'd, but griev'd alane ;
Ance happy wife—ance happy mither,
Owre soon no that—owre soon no t'ither,
Her waes were waes she kent fu' weel,
Maist folk could pity—few could feel ;
An' nane like her—sae in her breast,
She nurs'd them now—now hush'd to rest ;
Her reason lang was like to sink,
An' aft she wish'd she couldna think :
'Twas then our Minister she blest,
His words o' comfort gied her rest ;
He tell't—she felt, she'd meet in bliss
The objects lov'd sae weel in this :

God's will be done ! she said at last,
An' felt her keenest pangs were past ;
That blessed hope fill'd all her heart,
An' no' for worlds wi' *it* she'd part ;
Wi' Christian gratitude it grew,
An' mair than peace o' mind she knew.

An' wha wad rob her o' that bliss ?
The reckless infidel, in this
Demoniac-like, wad heartless see
The widow low an' lost as he ;
How base to rob her, if you could,
O' a' that cheers her solitude;—
Abstract morality's best guard,
The hope o' heaven its last reward.
But no ! the immortal spirit stirs,
The crime is yours, the triumph hers !
How cold, gross, grov'ling, fu' o' pride
The mind that owns nae heavenly guide ?

Her feelings seem'd like April day,
Now gentle—tearfu'—an' now gay ;
Her heart, quite innocent o' guile ;
Frae nature cam her tear an' smile.

Her ee aye on her Pastor dwelt,
Wi' mair o' pride than ere she tell 't ;
Her's was the lap where first he lay,
A moving yet unconscious clay ;
An' her's the knee, on which when young,
Like bird on bough he merry sprung.

In widow'd state—her bairnies dead,
Wi' nane to cheer her—nane to heed,
She gladly cam some years sin' syne
To serve her ain—her lov'd Divine.

A carefu' decent bodie she,
Familiar whiles, but never free,
Aye clean an' tidy, douce and tentie,
She liked to gab, an' whiles gabb'd plentie.

Now waiglin,' cam she at his ca'ing,
But in her haste was nearly fa'ing ;
“ Confound the muckle dirty brutes !”
She mutter'd as she cleaned her coots ;
Her maister, ill attun'd for daffin'
Had yet a pinch to smoor his laughin'.

PARSON.

“ Ailie ! I see you’re like mysell,
Unknowing how all *that* befel ;
Some nowte or kye have broken in :
Bid Andrew come,—but *dinna rin* ;
“ Yet stop ! first I would have it known
If all the herd be fairly gone !”

Then steppin’ on, as Ailie follow’d,
They soon beheld a scene unhallow’d ;—
As sad, an’ clean dumfound’ring sight,
As ever shock’d puir clergy-wight ;
Wide devastation round them spread
A dreary garden o’ the dead ;
Life, bloom, an’ beauty, herb, an’ flower,
Swallow’d or trampled in the stour.

The Peasant on the Tyrol braes
Sae ee’d, wi’ mournfu,’ madd’ning gaze,
His hut an’ village smokin’ far,
Sad ruins of ferocious war ;
Sae ees the fainting fisher’s wife
Thae bodies on the beach—nae life !

“Cauld—cauld, an’ stiff—lost—lost—undone!”

Her husband this—an’ that her son!

Again she moves—again she gazes;

Her straining ee to Heaven she raises:

O! what a depth o’ grief is there—

The utter anguish o’ despair.

Sae the puir lintie, sad an’ dreary,

Missing its nest in shelter brierie;

Cheerless it mopes upon the spray,

Chirpin’ its notes o’ utter wae:

Dear warbler! sweet, wee, harmless beastie!

Cruel the pang that rends thy breastie;

Whan sae langsyne I ee’d it beating,

My heart grew grit—I fell a-greeting.

Sae sad—*not quite*—but sad indeed,

The twain, the havoc round them ee’d,

Nor spak for lang; if deep grief speak,

Its language is the bloodless cheek;

Its eloquence the glist’ning eye,

The quiv’ring lip—convulsive sigh.

A touch o’ these puir Ailie felt,

As waefu’ on his looks she dwelt;

His rosy cheek now grown aghast,
His honest bosom heaving fast :
Around an' round she gaz'd an' gaz'd,
Confus'd, astonish'd, haffins crazed ;
Syn'e back to 's face, occasion seekin'
To start her tongue on earnest speakin'.

At length his visage growing brighter,
To say her say, seem'd to invite her ;
Sae following whare his ee had stray'd,
Thus in condoling strain, she said :—

“ Hech, Sir ! but that's sic change, I ween,
I maist misdoubt my very een ;
O wae's my heart ! but yesternight,
That'was a cantie, cheerie sight :
How bonnie frae thae trees hung cleekit
The big round apples, red, red cheekit ;
Amang the leaves sae richly rosy,
No like yer English, saft and fozy ;
An' whare's the bonnie jargonelles,
We just were gaun to pu' oursells ?
Alake ! alake ! I'm sure ye feel
For this young plum, that thrave sae weel,

An' bore, I'm tell't, a crap like gow'd,
But now how broken, bent an' bow'd ;
How saftly up thae levell'd rails
The bonnie pippins clamb, like snails ;
Now crash'd an' smash'd, a' lie an' shiver,
Them ye may raise, the puir trees never !"

This mournfu' thought, nurs'd up a tear
The tribute to affection dear—

A reminiscence o' langsyne,
Her losses,—may they ne'er be thine !—

Judge wedded pair o' gentle bosom !
A husband lov'd, what pang to lose him,
Wha lov'd ye as he lov'd his life,
Aye happiest, cantiest wi' his wife :
An' wi' him, too, in early grave,
The prattlers ye'd have died to save ;
Your pitying hearts now thrill an' melt,
Yet only guess what Ailie felt.

She paus'd—this broke his reverie ;
He saw the big tear in her ee,—
Spak sweet a word in kindly sort,
An' thought the mair o' Ailie for't ;

Meantime wi' checkit apron corner,
She wiped away the lovely mourner.

Her maister's words act like a spell,
An' Ailie grows again hersell ;
But gratefu' for his care, reports say,
Repaid him wi' a kintra courtsey ;
An' flatter'd wi' his notice kind,
Her apron smooth'd, an' thus rejoin'd,
As he wi' glances downward flung,
Upon a trampled flower-bed hung :—

AILIE.

“ Eh, losh ! that's awfu'—O, the sorries !
Dear ! 'how they've smoor'd the flowers afore us.”

PARSON.

“ Yes ! Ailie, yes : he solemn said ;
That bed has felt their fiercest raid :
How blythe I thought on pleasing spring,
Their bloom and fragrance on the wing ;
The tulips rich with every dye,
That decks the bow in summer sky,

The snowdrops pure—the golden crocus ;
But wordly dreams for ever mock us !”

AILIE.

“ O, Sir ! that’s true—an’ in my day
I’ve seen—I’ve felt it to my wae !”

Words sank within—her heart grew grit ;
A tear maun come, sync grief will flit :
A soft regret his bosom knew,
For Ailie’s waes awak’d anew,
Which two three words unguarded spoken,
Like spell, the charm o’ time had broken ;
Her tears soon dried—the tide row’d back,
When Ailie thus resum’d her crack :—

AILIE.

“ Waes me ! thae pinks an’ raws o’ daisies,
O’ whilk I’ve heard sic high flown phrases ;—
That wallyflower—yon thyme—thae roots,
Lie dead an’ buried by their cloots ;
An’, only look ! that hinney-sickle !
They’ve rugg’d into an awfu’ pickle ;—

That spearmint too—an' oh ! I fear,
They've done for this sweet bonnie brier !
That fine lad's-luve—yon flowers sae little—
An' a' thae plants wi' names sae kittle ;
Troth e'en that branchy lilly-oak,
The clumsy sorries they hae broke ;—
An' O Sir, look ! the greedy gluttons
Hae e'en devour'd the bachelor's buttons ;
That nowte I'd ca' a daintie brute,
Wha'd fleg the bachelor to the boot ;
No you, Sir ; na—I'm no sae menseless,
I mean folk thoughtless—rich but senseless,
To whom guid wives wad soon gie sense,
Tak care o' pounds, and save their pence ;
Eh, Sir ! already there are folks
On you an' some ane passing jokes."

PARSON.

" Indeed !—but Ailie what's their say ?"

AILIE.

" Just what I've kent for mony a day.

Ye wad hae wail'd a mournfu' ditty,
Gin nowte had scaith'd yer *Nancy*-pretty,
An' at its side the fair *Primrose*,
'The sweetest flower ye think that blows !'

Frae flowers, an' fruit-trees, hash'd, indeed,
Next to the bushes they proceed :—
When Ailie thus—" Weel, this is waur
Than loss o' flowers—a hantle far ;
See how the deevils (Sir, forgie't)
Hae us'd the grozets, young an' sweet ;
Wae for thae rizars, white an' red ;
O dule ! for that strawberry bed,—
Rasps—blackberries—wanchancy hour !
Lie leaning wi' their stems in stour !"

PARSON.

" The prospect's sad—yes—truly, Ailie,
I judg'd next year would bring me jelly :
I've got some pots for that, and jam,
But am afraid—I really am—
There's been around here such a murrain
I shall not have a single curran' ;

Now this, perhaps, may prove mischievous,
For jelly's good for colds when grievous,
Since jam and jelly soothe the throat ;
But I'll have none—no, not one pot :
I hoped to have some wine for caskin',
But fear I shall not have a gascon ;
I like strawberries much with cream,
But mine a ruin'd offspring seem ;
An apple, too, I like with cheese,
And coddled apples more than these ;
Dumpling still more, and crusty pie,
But apples I must want, or buy ;
Yet all, I trust, is wisely meant,
For wisdom or just punishment :
I fear I felt on tiptoe more
Than what I ought, or did before ;
Yet troubles while they last, though painful,
Are always in the long-run gainful !"

Ailie look'd up, an' saw him pious ;
Her mind that instant felt its bias.

AILIE.

“ Ye speak sae true—but ye’re sae guid,
No made like weaker flesh an’ bluid,
Which tears an’ swears whan sorrow fa’s it,
An’ wi’ unchristian names misca’s it ;
I trust ye’ll be fu’ soon rewarded :
Maybe the kail hae still been guarded.”

PARSON.

“ I hope so, Ailie, yet I fear,
’Twill fare no better there than here.”
He said, yet grasping clung to hope,
Like shipwreck’d sailor to the rope,
As his keen glance is to the shore,
Amid the dread tempestuous roar ;
So, both their fancies forward flew,
To where the kail-pat beauties grew.
Onward the twain by short cuts hasted,
Sae keen that Ailie sometimes raced it.
As some tall ship, wi’ bellied sail,
Sweepin’ in foam before the gale ;

Amain on sunken reef she crashes,
Recoiling shivers, while she dashes ;
Sae swift, our Parson in his current,
Was dash'd aback by sight abhorrent ;
Forlorn he gaz'd, wi' claspit hands,
While Ailie trembling by him stands.

AILIE.

“ O, worthy sir ! ye're sure ta'en badly !
I'll rin, an' send for Doctor Hadley :
Or, stop—we've something still mair handy,
There's in the press a wee drap brandy ;
Ye look sae ill, I'm haffins feared,
There's something in a' this that's weird.”

PARSON.

“ Not so ! not so ! but only see
There's not one cabbage left for me.”

AILIE.

“ Eh, dear ! dear me ! for that's enugh'
To thrav a heart, however tough ;

Plague take them a'—the glutt'nous wretches !
('Tis sough'd an echo answered b——) ;
May colics wring their vile internals,
An' fuff them up like roastin' kernels ;
Greens—cabbage-plants, are gane—my certie !
They've supp'd at ithers cost fu' hearty ;—
The carrots—turnips, leeks, an' a'
Are trodden down or in their maw ;
It's past remeed—O dule an' wail !
We've neither curlics, neeps, nor kail ;
Eh ! but my heart fu' sairly dunts,
Confoond the stots they've left but runts ;
We canna coff things as we us't ;
The kail-pat now may lie an' rust ;
Pat-luck nae langer can ye proffer,
Alake ! they'd only *doubt* yer offer ;
Dule on the nowt—pest tak ilk drover,
An' rack them a' as wi' weet clover !
May a' the plagues——

PARSON.

“ Hush ! Ailie, hush !

Breathe no uncharitable wish ;

I mourn, like you, my kail an' flowers,
An' feel a pang as sharp as yours ;
Alas ! my turnips sore are hash'd,
I like them much with mutton mash'd ;
With them a chop—a broil, or chicken
Makes a delicious, tender pickin' ;
No more for months I'll feast on broth ;
The cause I own has wax'd me wroth ;
For still the belly's democratic,
And apt to speak at times emphatic,—
To grumble sadly if neglected,
But quiet enough, if well protected :
Yet what I deem the greater grief
I'll lack greens to my powder'd beef ;
Yet, is it right to use reviling,
Because our prospects are not smiling ?
Ah ! man's short-sighted as a mole,
That gropes its way along its hole ;
Therefore let us submit resign'd,
When ills betide us, for we're blind."

AILIE.

“ Guid Worthy ! ye’re a perfect saunt ;
Beside ye aye I feel my want ;
At times I’m crouse, an’ rather birsy,
An’ maybe this may be a mercy ;
For gin I’m douff an’ dowie growin’,
It sets the spunk again a lowin’ ;
Yet was I wrang, like Clootie’s bought,
To plague puir stots in words or thought ;
Nor had—gin they’d scaith’d me alane,
But scaithin’ you gaed ’gainst my grain.”

PARSON.

“ It speaks the goodness of your heart,
To take up thus your master’s part ;
I thank you for’t, and will remember,
While in this vale of tears a member.”

AILIE.

“ Hoot, sir ! ye’ll mak me mair than proud,
Sic praise is gowden frae the good ;

Ye're aye sae mensefu', kind, an' gracios,
Your words sae pithy, an' sae precious;
But, sir! look here, O! what a blessin',
They've spared the tatoes—few are missin';
Fair fa' the clods that keepit them
Frac' out the nowt's devourin' wame:
Bless—bless the bonnie wind that blaws,
They've only ruggit at the shaws!"

PARSON.

"That's tidings glad—but are you sure?
I'm thankful they at least endure;
For good potatoes, if not frosted,
Are fine at supper, if right roasted;
If boiled, and mealy, oft I'll dine
On them, with herring from Lochsne;
And now, I fairly think on both,
Potatoe-soup surpasseth broth."

AILIE.

"Mair fatt'ning too, sir, whan it drains
The marrow frae the marrow-banes."

PARSON.

“ Right, Ailie ! and how nice in frost,
Potatoes brown’d beneath the roast ;
By red, red ingle gilt and garnish’d,
And with the gravy drest and varnish’d.”

AILIE.

“ Eh, aye ! but what’s still mair my pride
Is puddin’, that way moistified.”

The cluds o’ grief began to scatter,
But still row’d down some beads o’ water :
Yet let me own the haly truth,
No frae the een but frae the mouth.

AILIE.

“ Losh, sir ! now things begin to mend,
Wi’ tatoes left, we’ll mak a fend ;
I’ll pare them—split them, an’ weel wash them ;
For soup—I’ll boil—I’ll roast—I’ll mash them ;
Wi’ flesh, wi’ fowl, wi’ game or fish,
They aye sit down a frien’ly dish.”

The Parson nodded, pleased, assent,
Then barn-yard ways baith somehow went ;
Not that he feared th' irreverent host
Its guid fir-yett had loup'd or cross'd ;
But still his footsteps that way tended,
His pace aye mending as he wended ;
Till all at once he stopp'd—turn'd round,
Wi' looks that Ailie thought profound.

PARSON.

“ To marvel, Ailie ! I begin,
Whence came the brutes ? how got they in ?
Like other self-invited guests
They've pleas'd themselves, but been my pests ;
The garden dyke they could not bound,
And there the wooden fence seems sound ;
The more I think—the more I wonder,
Jump o'er they could not—nor creep under.”

AILIE.

“ O, sir ! yestreen, a wee 'yont gloamin',
A drove o' nowte were owre *there* roamin' ;

As sure's a gun, they've snuff'd the kail,
Strong brutes! an' found the fence owre frail;
Or been let thro'—for weel I ken
A drover's cunnin' lies far ben;
I'm owre far north—I ken his tricks;
For his half dozen, pay him six;
They trock an' houff wi' southrons, till
They lose a' guid, an' learn a' ill:
An' ifka drover kens fu' weel
He's just an arrant ne'er-do-weel."

PARSON.

"Stop, Ailie! stop!—there may be such,
But saying *all*, is sure too much."

AILIE.

"Ye're right! but drover's are sae cunnin',
There's no the like o't out o' Lunnon;
Whare'er the stots hae made their entry,
The loons hae copied courtier gentry;—
Allow'd their herd to glut their greed,
Then patch'd the fence, to hide the deed;

But by their fit-marks, in a rap,
I'll guide ye to their patch'd up slap."
As Indian in the pathless wood,
Tracking his foe that flies, pursued,
Whose search no obstacle of rocks,
Of streams, or woody labyrinth, mocks ;
Sae a' decoys were unavailin',
For Ailie bump'd up to the paling ;
An' as the pointer points the paitrick,
So she the slap wi' speechless rhet'rick ;
He blush'd to find her shrewd discerning
Had solv'd the problem, not his learning.

Admiring much pair Ailie's shrewdness,
The pair proceeded—till, O ! goodness,
At barn-yard yett arriv'd, he glowr'd,
An' Ailie star'd—baith quite o'erpower'd ;
At length she enter'd—but aghast,
Cam back—he kend the warst at last.

AILIE.

“ Eh, sir ! eh, sir ! like never was ;
The toozled stacks lie heads an' thraws ;

The hail barn-yard is fairly hidden,
An' turn'd into a perfect midden ;
Just look, sir ! look !"—he felt it kittle,
But trembled onward for a little ;
Then back as white's a clout he started,
Crestfall'n, an' wofully down-hearted.

AILIE.

“ Sir ! ye're owre guid—gin man or brute
Sud serve me sae—I'd prosecute ;
Nor wad I rest, until I saw
The drovers in the jougs by law ;
Eh ! but I'd gie them a' their flegs,
Wi' plenty clarts, an' rotten eggs ;
An', afterhend, as the best wiper,
I'd gar them sweetly pay the piper.”

PARSON.

“ I've thought—and really am determin'd
The drovers shall be soundly sermon'd ;
Experience, then, will be their tutor,
To teach them better for the future :

Go, Ailie, and bid Andrew haste ;
I'll have the drove this instant chas'd."

Round Ailie wheel'd, an' sairly flurried,
In search o' Andrew Hastie hurried,
To speed abroad the haly mandate
To legates high, wha can command it ;
That a' th' aggressor-nowte might be
Impounded till by law set free ;
Or caution gien for due appearance,
To pay what law might judge fair clearance ;
Then slow our Pastor wended hame,
Fu' douff—an' thus his musings came.

"Tis not befitting my vocation
To snap at every provocation ;
But when on me and mine folk trample,
The reparation should be ample ;
Far less for me than for example ;
Meekness is comely, but a' meekness
Too far extended is but weakness ;
Hence it behoves me so to act,
That justice may remain intact ;

To pass this o'er might prove derogative,
And lower law and kirk-prerogative ;
Then let me gird myself for action,
And challenge law to give due satisfaction."

We'll merely add the drove was chas'd,
But, mix'd wi' ithers, never trac'd.

END OF THE MINISTER'S KAIL-YARD.

POEMS AND SONGS.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT IN 1842.

'TWAS gloaming, and the autumn sun
Had shed his last and loveliest smile,
When late I ferried o'er the stream
To Dryburgh's mouldering pile.
For I had wander'd from afar,
And braved the fierce Atlantic's wave,
To see the poet's resting-place—
The "mighty wizard's" grave.

I stood within the ruin'd fane,
Beside Saint Mary's grated aisle,
No sound was in that lonely spot,
No voice was on the gale,
Save when at intervals there came
A mournful music, sweet and slow—
The murmur of his own loved Tweed.
That calmly roll'd below.

I linger'd till the harvest moon
Peer'd through the ivy'd loopholes there,
And still delay'd to quit a scene,
So gloomy, yet so fair.
And was it here—life's fever o'er—
In this sequester'd holy spot,
Lay mingling with its kindred clay
The dust of WALTER SCOTT?

I gazed with feelings strange and sad—
Fulfill'd the cherish'd wish of years ;
I leant my brow against the stone,
And melted into tears.

Ah ! where is now the flashing eye,
That kindled up at Flodden field—
That saw in fancy onsets fierce,
And clashing spear and shield !

The eager and untiring step,
That urged the search for Border lore,
To make old Scotland's heroes known
On every peopled shore :
The wondrous spell that summon'd up
The charging squadrons fierce and fast,
And garnish'd every cottage wall
With pictures of the past :

The graphic pen that drew at once
The traits alike so truly shown,
In Bertram's faithful pedagogue,
And haughty Marmion :
The hand that equally could paint,
And give to each proportion fair,
The stern, the wild Meg Merrilees,
And lovely Lady Clare :

The glowing dreams of bright romance,
That, teeming, fill'd his ample brow :
Where is his darling Chivalry—
Where are his visions now ?
The open hand, the generous heart,
That joy'd to soothe a neighbour's pains ?
Nought, nought I see save grass and weeds,
And solemn silence reigns.

The flashing eye is dimm'd for aye ;
The stalwart limb is stiff and cold ;
No longer pours his trumpet-note,
To wake the jousts of old.
The generous heart, the open hand—
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair—
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
All, all is lonely there !

What if it be ? his fame resounds
To far Creation's farthest rim ;
No forest, lake, or mountain grey,
But speaks and breathes of him.

Why pours yon stream by Holyrood ?

'Mong weeds they look for Muschat's pile.

Why dart yon boats from fair Kinross !

They seek Lochleven's isle.

Why flock yon crowds up Benvenue,

And wander far and linger late ?

Dost thou not know the meanest cairn

Genius can consecrate !

Yes ! castle, lake, and moated wall,

The outlaw's glen and cavern grim,

Have each a tongue, if thou canst feel,

To speak and breathe of him.

The victor on the battle-field

Looks proudly round and claims the prize ;

But thou, beneath us, hast achieved

Far mightier victories !

The hero, when in death he falls,

Nations may hail his deeds divine ;

Ah ! bought with blood and widow's tears,

His fame is poor to thine !

“ Give me,” the Syracusan cried,
And saw a globe, in fancy, hurl’d—
“ Give me but where to plant my foot,
And I will move the world.”

Now, Scotland, triumph in a son,
Who triumph’d in a grander thought ;
Great Archimedes, now outdone,
Bows to thy Walter Scott,

Who the gigantic lever plied,
And plies, while we his deeds rehearse,
Swaying, obedient to his will,
A moral universe.

Behold thick prejudice dispell’d !
And whose the blest, the god-like boon ?
The SUN OF WAVERLEY arose,
And made the darkness noon.

Deem ye his tales an idle task ?
They join’d the poles in kindly span,
Made seas but highways to our friends,
And man to feel for man.

They show'd the proud what worth might glow
 Beneath a breast that russet wore ;
They gave the hind a rank and place
 He had not known before.

Yes ! persecuted Hebrew, tell
 Where'er a Jewish maid may roam,
She knows, she feels, in every heart,
 Rebecca has a home.
The Paynim, in a hostile land,
 Throws down his sword, and counts us kin,
Proud that a Briton's bosom glows
 For noble Saladin.

Courage in high or low he hails,
 Where'er he finds the generous drop,
In Richard of the Lion-heart,
 Or him of Charlie's-hope.
Yon cottar feels his class is rich
 In nature's nobles—shaming queens ;
Ah ! not a prattler climbs his knee,
 But lips of Jeanie Deans !

Praise, deathless love, to him who thus
A stubborn tide could backward roll,
Rein in the chafing pride of man,
And triumph in the soul.
The grave, the gay—the child, the sage—
The lovers 'neath the hawthorn hoar ;
All for a while their dreams forget,
And o'er his pictures pore.

The force of truth and nature see !
For all peruse and all admire :
The duchess in her ducal hall —
Her milkmaid by the fire !
We laugh or weep, or he may choose
To blend our willing tears with smiles,
At Lucy Ashton's hapless fate,
And Caleb's *honest* wiles !

We see before us strut in pride,
The Bailie, “pawky, hard, and slee ;”
The busy lawyers tangling yet
Poor Peter Peebles' plea !

Again we glow with Ivanhoe,
His burning words so charm the sense :
And hear the Covenanter pour,
His strange wild eloquence !

The Antiquary stern and gruff,
Rejoicing in the caustic joke ;
Stamp at the name of Aikin Drum,
And quail 'neath Edie's mock.
Tell him of Steenie's fate—or hint
Of dreams his own young days beguiled ;
The soul within that rugged husk,
Is gentle as a child.

Where'er the winds of Heaven have blown,
We hear his numbers borne along,
In martial strain—or tender plaint,
The magic of his song.
Long Beauty's lips shall chant those lays,
In music's bower for ever green,
Bold Ettrick's border march renown'd,
And Jock o' Hazeldean.

Yet pause awhile ! among the names,
Thy genius steep'd in Pity's dew,
Though thou did'st sigh o'er Mary's griefs,
Thine own have not been few.
Who has not wept, when—dropp'd the veil
O'er homes and hearts to us unknown—
Thou gav'st us but for one brief hour,
A glimpse into thine own ?

Ah ! bitter were thy thoughts I ween,
With old Sir Henry 'neath the tree,
The gentle Alice by his side—
Thy darling Anne and thee.
Yet though the cloud of ruin fell,
Thy fair horizon to deform,
Thou stood'st serene and unappall'd,
Erect amid the storm.

The last sad scene we would forget,
For kind, loved friends were round thy bed—
So milder fell the parting gales
Upon thy aged head.

Yet oh ! how terrible the shock,
When crack'd that strong and manly heart :
Sure Death with faltering tongue pronounced
The dread command " Depart !"

The grass is trodden by the feet
Of thousands from a thousand lands—
The prince—the peasant—tottering age—
And rosy school-boy bands.
All crowd to fairy Abbotsford,
And lingering gaze, and gaze the more ;
Hang o'er the chair in which *he* sat,
The latest dress *he* wore.

Thou wondrous being, fare-thee-well !
Thou noblest, best of human kind,
Who join'd to a Nathanael's heart
A Shakspeare's master-mind.
Light be the turf upon thy breast,
For pleasant was in life thy mood,
And rare thy fate, proclaim'd at once
The glorious and the good.

May flow'rets fair long blossom here,
Sweet birds the quiring concert lead,
To swell thy dear Eternal dirge,
Sung by the "Silver Tweed."
Farewell! farewell; my bosom throbs
With grief and ecstasy to pain,
"Take thee for all in all, we ne'er
Shall see thy like again."

ADDRESS

FROM THE

SPIRIT OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY TO THE STUDENTS OF
THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY CLASS IN THE UNIVERSITY
OF ST ANDREW'S,—SESSION 1834-35.

HASTE ! oh haste ! I have call'd ye long,

I shine through the mist of years ;

A holy spirit pervades my shrine

To scatter doubts and fears :

I am rich with the glorious spoils of Eld,

With the lore of gifted seers.

I will strew, as I tread your cloister'd hall,
The visions which Plato drew :
O how my heart thrill'd with delight—
Perchance they *might* be true !
They will stir your thoughts like Music's swell :
Such dreams ye never knew.

We'll bend o'er the Stagyrte's* noble dust ;
But no tear shall dim our eye ;
A colder spirit congeals the drop
And checks the rising sigh ;
For a haughty Stoic marks our grief—
Zeno is standing by.

Come, then, I'll lead your willing feet,
Not by Castalia's stream,
Not where Peneus winding glides
And Tempe's marbles gleam ;
But through a fresher nobler maze—
The groves of Academe.

* Aristotle.

There Epicurus, great and good,
 His mental feast shall spread ;
 Take from his hand yon talisman,
 Thy cares—thy griefs are fled :
 Then pluck that fragrant myrtle green,
 And wreath it round thy head !

And see ! clad in Egyptian stole,
 The Samian sage appears ;
 It is—it is Pythagoras,
 His god-like form uprears,
 And bares that brow, where swell sublime
 The garner'd thoughts of years.

Behold—my pride—yon care-worn wight !
 No genius lights *his* eye,
 But call to mind the poison cup—
 His high philosophy ;
 Hush ! I will summon Socrates ;
 He'll teach you how to die.

Yet kneel not blindly !—would ye scan

The page of Destiny ?

Ah ! none with me may seek to cross

The dark unhallow'd sea

That rolls before her gloomy hall,—

The shrine of Mystery.

Nor will I tempt your vagrant steps

Where Elean Pyrrho* trod—

The man who doubted e'en his doubts,

Himself,—his soul,—his God ;

Ah ! no,—I ne'er would tempt your feet

On such a cheerless road.

But when Misfortune rains her ills

On your devoted head,—

When Calumny's envenom'd web

Around your fame is spread,—

When all the ties that bind to Earth

Are rudely severed,—

* A Grecian philosopher, and founder of the sect of the Sceptics.

When, hanging o'er a dying friend,

Thy heart is chill and drear,—

When, prostrate o'er his wasted corpse,

You groan upon the bier;—

I will be there to soothe thy grief

And wipe away the tear.

Should pale-faced Envy raise her head,

And hiss upon thy name,—

Should wild Ambition fire thy breast,

With reckless, wasting flame;—

I'll shield thee from thyself and foes,

Thy saviour—still the same.

Be thou my child! thy head shall tower

Among thy compeers high,

Sublime as yonder hoary piles

That frown into the sky;

Pleasure and Peace thy constant guests,—

O calmly thou shalt die.

Be thou my child ! the priceless mines
Of THOUGHT I will disclose—
A wondrous gem,—the HUMAN MIND—
Its duties,—all it owes ;
A cure for all its little pride—
A balm for all its woes.

Then haste ! oh haste ! I have called ye long,
I shine through the mist of years ;
A holy spirit pervades my shrine,
Dispelling doubts and fears ;—
'Tis I alone can nerve the heart,
And dry the mourner's tears.

THE ALEHOUSE TAP.

THE alehouse tap ! the alehouse tap !

Where maudlin Jemmy roar'd and sung ;
Where knuckles beat the sharp, quick rap,
Where gills were toss'd and coppers rung ;
Eternal mugs pant to be wet,
But all except thy *sign* is set.

The stolen sip—the hurried booze,—
The cup quaff'd at the door on foot ;
Leave cats and dogs to bark and *mews*
In the deserted kitchen, mute
To boist'rous voice of Robby West,
Shouting, like Stentor, for “ *the best.*”

The mutchkin-stoup looks o'er the gill ;
The gill looks o'er the glasses *wee* ;
And musing o'er the one I fill,
I dream not of—a cup of tea :
For, while my cronies round me rave,
Could I be a Teetotal slave ?

A lecturer stood upon the slope
That rises to our village wall ;
He hector'd fierce the brandy shop ;
His audience gaped—he trapp'd them all ;
He counted them at six that day,
And when *ten* struck, ah ! where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou
“ Pale Brandy ? ” o'er thy water'd strength
The jocund stave is silent now ;
“ Glenlivet ” takes thy place at length ;
And must thy praise, spirit divine !
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something in the dearth of Wine,
Tho' cast among a taxed race,
To kneel at least at Whisky's shrine,
And bear grog-blossoms on my face ;
Yet what is left the boozier here,
Since Gin is gone—since Brandy's dear ?

Must *we* but grudge the heighten'd price ?
Sit *greetin' fou* ? our fathers fought ;
Death ! render, if but for a trice,
A couple of them plagued with drought ;
But if perchance thou grant us *three*,
I tremble lest they drain the sea.

What ! silent still ! then silent bide !
Ah, no ! the voices of the *drunk*
Sound like an empty barrel's side,
And hiccup, “ tho' we here be sunk,
Let one be tapp'd—we come, we come,
'Tis only fools who shirk their *tum*.”*

* Cant abbreviation for tumbler.

In vain ! in vain ! broach other casks ;
Fill high the glass with “ British Gin ;”
Leave “ Hollands” to the *spoon* who asks
A bottle from the oldest binn ;
Hark ! answering to the summons rough,
How scuds Will Tapster with the stuff.

You have Scotch Whisky potent yet,
But where has fled Jamaica Rum ?
Of two such spirits, why forget
That which could almost move the dumb !
The *lush* which Brewer Noah gave
Is not for the Tectotal slave.

Fill yet the stoup with “ gude Scotch drink !”
(We will not think of Rum and Wine) ;
To Burns’s thoughts it formed the link
That bound them in a chain divine ;—
Burns, our pride—tho’ gifted, lost,
Cramp’d, crush’d ’neath guager’s paltry post.

The quaffer of the "cup of sack"
Was jollity's unflinching friend ;
That quaffer was the "queer Sir Jack ;"
O that the present hour would lend
To us his head, so strong and sound,
His paunch so dome-like and profound.

Fill yet the stoup with "gude Scotch drink !"
By Ferintosh and Islay's shore ;
Swagger the coves, who never wink
At swigging off a quart or more ;
And *there*, perhaps, some seed is sown
The jolly god might not disown.

Trust not for cheap Gin to the Whigs—
Or taxes low—the taxes rise ;
In smuggling sly the Schiedam kegs
The only chance of cheapness lies ;
But cruel force and iron rule
Would seize your keg, however full.

Fill high the stoup with “ gude Scotch drink !”

Our lasses dance beneath yon tree ;

I see their figures rise and sink,

But, gazing on the *sign*-ery,

I weep to think they shall be tools

For suckling soft Teetotal fools.

Place me upon a *hogshead's* top,

Where nothing, save the ale and I

May hear our mutual gurglings drop,

There, landlord ! let me tap and try :

Cold-water drink shall ne'er be mine ;

Restore—repaint yon faded sign.

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

TUNE—"There's nae luck about the house."

THERE'S meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whiles mair than in a score ;
But wae betak the stouin smack
I took ahint the door.

"O laddie, whisht ! for sic a fright
I ne'er was in afore ;
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door."

The wa's are thick, ye needna fear,
But gin they jeer and mock,
I'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.

There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face

Was like a lowin' coal ;

An', as for me, I could hae crept

Into a mouse's hole :

The mother look't, saff's how she look't !

Thae mithers are a bore,

An' gleg as ony cat to hear

A kiss ahint the door.

There's meikle bliss, &c.

The dounce gudeman, tho' he was there,

As weel nicht been in Rome ;

For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,

An' never fashed his thoom.

But titterin' in a corner stood

The gawky sisters four ;

A winter's nicht for me they nicht

Hae stood ahint the door.

There's meikle bliss, &c.

“How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?”

The bauld gudewife began ;

Wi' that a foursome yell gat up,

I to my heels an' ran ;

A besom whiskit by my lug,

An' dishelouts half a score ;

Catch me again, tho' fidgin' fain,

At kissing 'hint the door.

There's meikle bliss, &c.

THE HONEST MAN,
OR
THE TUB-PROPRIETOR OF ATHENS.
(FROM THE GREEK.)

LANGSYNE, when Athens was a town,
An' sages swarm'd like bees ;—
When Hercules, and siclike chieils
Made walkin-staffs o' trees ;—
An ill-faur'd loon was seen to strut
Down Athens' Prince's Street ;
His claes were hingin' a' in rags,
An' shoeless were his feet.

Upon his head a muckle tub,—
A sour-like dog he was ;
And in ae greasy paw he swung
A pair o' heavy taws ;
The tither held a lichtit lamp,
Altho' the time was noon ;
The odd conceit drew round him quick
The riff-raff o' the town.

The bairns yell'd as they'd gane gyte,
Sae desp'rate was the scream,
That thousands pour'd frae every wynd,
Frae Porch an' Academe.
Then' speer'd a gapin' country lout
Wha was this Prince o' Fules ?
“ Tut man, that's daft Diogenes,
The Cynic o' the Schules !”

The queer auld shaver stappit on,
His lamp was rais'd on high ;
An' loud aboon the treble yells
Was heard his deafenin' cry.

We've heard Newhaven oyster wives,
An' loud they screech I trow:
But ane an' a' micht learnt frae him
To cry their " Caller Oo."

At length he halted on a hill
Beyond the city's wall ;
And squattin' on his bannet tub,
Continued still to bawl.
" An honest man—come shew to me,"
Thus cried the Cynic sot,
(Himself was banish'd in his youth
For forgin' o' a note.)*

" An honest man !—I fear 'twill need
The sun and lamp to boot,
The moon an' stars an' a' to find,
That fau'tless monster out ;

* Historical fact, he was banished from Sinope for coining false money.

Come here, ye fules !—sons o' the schules
Or bide my curse an' ban,
Will ony here stand forth an' say
He is an honest man ?”

“ An' he shall have this siller eup,
An' eke this milk-white lamb,
An' aiblins we may try an' scrape
Acquaintance owre a dram.
For years I've been” (eh, sie a whid !)
“ O' the Teetotal school ;*
But let me find the man I seek
For ance I'll break the rule.”

Out stapp't a brawny shouther'd chiel,
Plato, I think, his name ;
Quo' he, “ I ne'er was gi'en to boast,
Yet will the title claim.”

* He got roarin' fou' occasionally.

“ Your instance ?” growled out *dirty face* ;

“ Hear me,” said Plato, then ;

“ *I once return'd* A BORROW'D BOOK

Back to my friend again !”

The mob set up an awful shout,

The greasy paw was rais'd ;

“ Great is thy merit, and shall be

In golden letters blazed ;

And if no other should be found

To try the lists with you,

To tell the truth, an' shame the deil,

The prize is but your due !”

“ Mak' way for that gay dashin' youth,

'Tis Epicurus comes ;”

The Cynic eyes his foppish elacs

Wi' mony haws an' hums.

The younker cries, “ I claim the prize,

And must dispute it still ;

Know, gentlemen ! 'pon honour, once

I paid A TAILOR'S BILL ! !”

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! he is the man ”.

The “ great unwashed ” resumed ;
Again the tub-proprietor rose,
He grinned—he swore—he fumed.

“ Dog on it ! is it come to this ?

The truest heart in Greece
Beats ’neath a gaudy waiscoat, flash
As Jason’s golden fleece !

“ Na, bide a while, I winna steer,

A towmond here I’ll stand,
But I will gie the cup an’ lamb
Into anither hand :

An’ yet to find a stretch ’yont this,
Seems hoping against hope ;
Troth he that shall surpass the lad,
Sure frae the skies maun drop ;

“ For truly this has gi’en the bowl

O’ honesty the fill,—
A puppy in thae awfu’ times
To pay a Tailor’s Bill !

But stop—there's a new-fangled thing,—
A bield frae rain an' snaw,
Lent wi' a groan, wha brings back it,
Will fairly ding them a' ;

“ What fule expects it back again ?
'Tis either smash'd or lost ;
But deil a' ane e'er minds to speer
How many groats it cost.”
He waited hours, ane, twa, three, four,
His patience oozed out ;
The crowd was meltin' fast awa,
When, hark ! a distant shout ;

And soon auld Zeno hirpled in,
“ Gi'e me the lamb an' cup ;
Their merits may be great, indeed,
Yet ne'er to mine come up.
Yield me the palm, Diogenes,
Here with it, quick, old fellow !
Last night I borrowed, and to-day
Returned A NEW UMBRELLA !!!”

“ Shout boys ! noo gie your tongues the rein,
Roar till ye’re like to burst ;
And he that first shall tane his wind,
Come near me if he durst :
Welcome auld Stoic, tried an’ true,
Frien’ Zeno gi’e ’s your han’ ;
My een hae seen the first in Greece—
A truly HONEST MAN.”

TELL ME DEAR, &c.

(For Music).

TELL me, dear ! in mercy speak,
Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie ?
Faint the rose is in thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie !
Away, away, each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding ;
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie ;
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love ! thy changing e'e ;
Dearest gift that heaven could gi'e !
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie.

Jamie ! lay thy cheek to mine,
Kiss me, oh, my ain laddie !
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lain, laddie !

Hark ! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling ;
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—

’Tis my only pain, laddie !

Yet the love I bear to thee,
Shall follow where I soon maun be ;
I’ll tell how gude thou wert to me :

We part to meet again, laddie !

Lay thine arm beneath my head,

Grieve na sae for me, laddie !

I’ll thole the doom that lays me dead,

But no a tear frae thee, laddie !

Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,

When the sun’s last beam is shedding,

Where no earthly foot is treading,

By my grave thou’lt be, laddie !

Though my sleep be wi’ the dead,

Frae on high my soul shall speed

And hover nightly round thy head,

Altho’ thou wilt na see, laddie !

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

AIR—"The Lothian Lassie."

O the days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
The heir to a cozy bit mailen,
When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!
For she thought my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
She thought my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
Though sma' was my chance to be happy;
For I found she had courtit na me, but my purse;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirk I saw Maggy Hay,
To see her was straight to adore her;
The Widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case—I was sheepishly raw,

And she was a terrible Tartar !

She spak about “ measures,” and “ takin’ the law,”

And I set mysell down for a martyr, a martyr,

I set mysell down for a martyr.

I buckled wi’ Mag, an’ the blythe honeymoon

Scarce was owre, when the Widow I met her ;

She girningly whisper’d, “ Hech ! weel ye hae dune,

But, tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,

But, tent me, lad, I can do better !

“ ‘Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi’ the hools !’ ”

Her proverb I countit a blether ;

But,—Widows for ever for hookin’ auld fules—

Neist week she was cry’d wi’ my feyther, my feyther,

Neist week she was cry’d wi’ my feyther !

LAMENT FOR ABERCAIRNIE.

A mournfu' gloom is owre the earth,
A' nature seems in pain,
An' joins the dolefu' wailin' sang,
" Gude Abercairn's gane."
Nae children's play was in the glen
That heard his bugle's swell ;
And night closed on a bloody day
When Abercairn fell.

We brought him hame upon his shield,
His tartans dyed in gore ;
And tears were seen in stern auld een
Whaur ne'er were tears before.
His mither and his bride cam' down,
Ae shudd'ring look they cast ;
Ae waefu' look—it mair than tauld
Their day o' joy had pass'd,

O ! for ae saft an' dewy tear
Of pity, not of ire ;
For mine are bursting frae my een,
Like draps o' scorching fire ;
Or for a blade whose sweep were death,
And let me face them a',
The traitors wha ha'e slain my chief,—
But I'll avenge his fa'.

O ! I could lay me down an' dee,
Sin' Abercarnie's gane ;
But lang for him the tears shall fa',
And deep shall be our mane.
Awa ! thou pipe, that pleas'd him sae,
Nae mair thy strains he'll hear ;—
Dead now the stormy pibroch falls
On Abercarnie's ear.

DRUCKEN TAM, THE BAKER.

A MYSTERY.

AIR—"The Quaker's Wife"

MISS MYSIE MILL was aged—hem !
And ne'er a man would take her ;
Yet how she blush'd to hear the name
Of Drucken Tam, the baker.
For oftentimes to tea and toast,
And other recreation,
'Twas known she'd sent him thro' the post
A card of invitation.

Now you must know this queer-like beau,
Tho' dusty as a miller,
In Mysie's eye was quite the go,
And quite a lady-killer :

His boots and hat (oh ! such a hat,)
 Might well have claim'd a pension ;
 And how the coat stuck to his back,
 Was past all comprehension.

His head was like a cauliflower ;
 His legs were short and bandy ;
 His teeth were brown—he had but four—
 As bits of sugar candy.
 His mouth was stretched from ear to ear,
 A most expressive feature !
 But Mysie swore he was “ a dear !”
 The fascinating creature !

His nose was like a partan's back,
 Or like a copper kettle ;
 Tho' Mysie elegantly said
 'Twas like a rose's petal.
 And as we differ in our tastes
 For white and crimson roses,
 What wonder tho' Miss Mysie did
 Prefer a red proboscis ?

O would my verse but flow like his,
Who sung the Doon and Lugar,
I'd paint his smile, so very sweet,
It sav'd Miss Mysie's sugar :
But Mysie's beau was cold to love ;
The fact there's no disguisin' ;
He roll'd his eye, then ey'd his roll,
And quietly sipp'd her hyson.

And honest Tam, when o'er his dram,
Did womankind despise aye ;
He toasted baps, he toasted cheese,
But never toasted Mysie.
At last, one summer's afternoon,
Oh ! how she did confuse him ;
She press'd him to a cup of tea,
Then press'd him to—her bosom.

Could brute or baker gaze unmov'd
On Mysie's glowing charms ;
And now the *flour* of all the town
Was clasp'd within her arms.

Poor Thomas grinn'd a horrid grin ;
 What anguish he did cause her ;
 She dropt a tear, while from his hand
 There dropt a cup and saucer.

With face as long as Aaron's rod,
 And staring goggle eyes, he
 Was gasping like a dying cod,
 Within the hug of Mysie.
 One word she whisper'd in his ear,
 But none may ever know it ;
 The secret rests with Tam himself,
 And Mysie, and—the poet.

When, lo ! his optics straight he rais'd,—
 I'm wrong, alas ! he squinted ;
 But sure as fate, a loving kiss
 He on her lips imprinted.
 My tale is told ; as to the rest
 I'm mum as any Quaker ;
 Miss Mysie's garret's now “ to let,”
 And sober is the baker.

THE IRON DUKE.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
ACCEPTANCE OF THE COMMAND OF THE BRITISH ARMY
IN 1842, ON THE SOLICITATION OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

O let the brave old warrior rest !
His thousand toils and perils o'er ;
Though chafes the spirit in his breast
To dare a thousand more.
O in his grasp no truncheon set ;
Urge not the stern—the iron man ;
For well ye know, the bugle yet
Would find him in the van,
Too long yon sword has served its lord,
And danger been his bride ;
But Arthur's name and Arthur's fame
Have filled the world wide.

Where, 'mid united earth's acclaim,—

Where shall we find the heart so cold,
That kindles not to hear the name

That quelled the foe of old ?

Save on the burning eastern plain

Where rages cruel war anew,—

Save on the bloody fields of Spain,—

And bloodier Waterloo.

Long ages o'er—men gaze the more,

Can clouds the day star hide ?

No ! Arthur's name and Arthur's fame

Have filled the world wide.

The tyrant, whom from France he chas'd,

In Fame's high temple, too, appears ;

But on the scroll his name is trac'd

In blood and orphans' tears.

Ah ! not like *his*, who has withstood

All arms and arts, and flatteries too—

Our Wellington's—the great and good,—

The noble and the true.

Proud tears may start—his country's heart
Exulting in her pride :
Her Arthur's name, her Arthur's fame
Have filled the world wide.

Long may he live, and see, hearth-blest,
Life's peaceful evening to beguile,
Before he takes the "warrior's rest,"
His children's children smile.
But when he sinks, what fane's extent
May give his wondrous glory room ?
A nation's tears his monument,
The universe his tomb !
Hail, Wellington ! 'twas worth alone
Could take thy giant-stride !
So Arthur's name and Arthur's fame
Have filled the world wide.

THE PRINCE'S STREET BEAU.

TUNE—"The Mistletoe Bough."

YOUNG lawyer Tom was the pride of the ball ;
His waistcoat shone like a white-wash'd wall ;
And though his *retainers* were small and few,
His credit seem'd good, for his coat was new.
The ladies all sigh'd, "oh, la ! what a dear !"
And in truth he looked spruce as a bottle of beer ;
O, the rogue with his bright boots aimed to be
A moving mirror of gallantry !

O the Prince's Street Beau !

The boots of the Prince's Street Beau !

At his lodgings arriv'd, "ah, demmit !" he yawn'd.
"I fear its all up, for my shirts are pawn'd ;
And crucify me, if I know what to do,
To pay my last trousers, my hat, and surtout.

I've liv'd on a trotter a week, I am sure,
But, of course, 'twas my appetite getting "so poor;"
O (hark in your ear) had mutton been cheap,
I think in the time I'd have manag'd—a sheep!"

O the Prince's Street Beau!

Hard times for the Prince's Street Beau!

Next morning, when combing his whiskers, he cried,
"I must vanish by twilight, but where shall I hide?
Snip thinks he is up to a trifle or so,
But I'm bless'd if I leave him a string to his *beau*!"
Away he flew, and his landlord look'd blue,
Three bailiffs are started, our friend to pursue;
And the tailor scream'd, "he promised to pay
The 'dential hour that he cut away."

O the Prince's Street Beau!

"What a fuss," cried the Prince's Street Beau

They sought him that night, and they sought him
next day,

And they sought him in vain, when a week pass'd
away;

In the Canongate, Cowgate, all over the town,
Old Cabbage sought wildly, the bird was flown ;
And years flew by, he was neatly done ;
Yet the beau, though he manag'd his clutches to shun,
At times hove in sight, when each imp shouted " Beaus,
Should never forget to pay their clo's !"

O the Prince's Street Beau !

" I'm off"—sigh'd the Prince's Street Beau !

At length a live bundle of rags was seen
In a field of barley, near Juniper Green : *
Can I credit my eyes ? 'twas our hero, indeed—
O in running so fast, he had run to seed !
Sad, sad was his fate ! be warn'd ye beaus,
And never forget to pay your " clo's !"
He had hired himself out, at a penny a day,
As a bogle, to frighten the crows away !

O the Prince's Street Beau !

The fate of the Prince's Street Beau !

* A village near Edinburgh.

PHEMIE.

WE sat upon a grassy knowe,
My lassie dear an' me ;
When round her neck my arms I flung,
An' gat her on my knee.
White as the swan's that bonnie neck,
How saft, nae words may say ;
I lookit fondly in her face,
And gazed the hours away.

The e'enin cloud, when fring'd wi' gowd,
Was match'd wi' Phemie's hair ;
The apple bloom—how saft its tint,
Her cheek was twice as fair.
Her breath was sweeter than the breeze
That plays 'mang new-mawn hay ;
Her form was gracefu' as a fawn,
An' fresh as op'nin' day.

Her poutin' lips, sae rosy red,
 'Mang laughin' dimples dwell ;
 Nae journey-wark were they, I trow,
 But made by Love himsell :
 Her voice was like a linty's sang ;
 Her een were bonnie blue ;
 And mine drank in the living light
 That sparkled through the dew.

I kiss'd her twenty times, and mair,
 Syne took them a' again ;
 My heart was rinnin' owre wi' bliss ;
 That hour she was mine ain.
 O mony a day has fled sinsyne,
 When first her lips I prest,
 But ne'er a wish has stray'd frae her ;
 In blessing, I am blest.

Our love was bonnie in the bud,
 But bonnier in the bloom ;—
 The morning rose delights the ee,
 The gloamin' brings perfume.

Methuselah's were mony years,
But lived I lang as he,
I'll ne'er forget that raptur'd hour,
I gat her on my knee.

THE MINISTER'S DOCHTER.

AIR—"Johnny M'Gill."

O! the minister's dochter for daffin's a deil,
There's fire in her ee, and there's spunk in her heel—
I kenna what ails me—I'm no very weel,

Since the minister's dochter blink'd slyly on me.
It's no for her beauty, it's no that she's braw,
Tho' sunny her smile, an' her skin like the snaw,
But I dinna ken what has come owre me ava,

Since the minister's dochter blink'd slyly on me.

My cronies a' jeer, for their presence I shun,
They say I am douff, and ha'e tint a' my fun,
An' just like a foggy day wantin' the sun,
For ance I was canty as canty could be.

I look like a man that's been haul'd into law,
Or puir dyvour loon, wi' his back at the wa'—
I whiles try to sing, but the sound dees awa',
Since the minister's dochter blink'd slyly on me.

But how should I bother the company sae,
'Tis folly outright to be dowie and wae—
I've nought to complain o'—what mair wad I ha'e ?
For didna the lassie blink kindly on me ?
How lang I've been proggin' my courage in vain ;
But birds now or eggs I'm resolved to obtain,
I'm no gaun to sleep this cauld winter my lane—
Na ! the minister's dochter maun cuddle wi' me.

THE WIDOW'S AE BIT LASSIE.

TUNE—"My only jo and dearie, O."

O guess ye wha I met yestreen,
On Kenly banks sae grassy, O ?
Wha can' to bless my waitin' een ?
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !
She brak my gloamin dream sae sweet,
Just whaur the wimplin' burnies meet :
The smother'd laugh,—I flew to greet
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !

They glintit slee—the moon and she,
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !
On tremblin' stream an' tremblin' me ;
She is a dear wee lassie, O ?
How rapture's pulse was beating fast,
As Mary to my heart I claspt ;
O bliss divine—owre sweet to last,
I've kissed the dear bit lassie, O !

She nestled close, like croodlin' doo,
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !
My cheek to hers, syne mou' to mou',
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !
Unto my breast again, again,
I prest her guileless heart sae fain ;
Sae blest were baith, now she's my ain,
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !

Ye powers aboon, wha made her mine,
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !
My heart wad break gin I should tyne
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !
Our hearth shall glad the angels sight ;
The lamp o' love shall lowe sae bright
On me and her, my soul's delight,
The Widow's ae bit lassie, O !

LINES TO VEDDER.

THE minstrel sleeps ; his golden lyre
Hangs silent on the wall :
Are then the lofty numbers mute
That rung in Odin's Hall ?

The silence of the spirit-land
O'er Caledonia broods ;
No Doric reed now cheers her glens,
And mountain solitudes.

Her streams may flow—her daisies bloom
As freshly and as fair,
As when their own lov'd minstrel stray'd
Adown the winding Ayr.

As soft and sweet the birds may sing
By Lugar and the Doon ;
No poet lists their plaintive lays,
Or echoes back the tune.

Fair maidens trip the sunny holms
Where Tweed and Yarrow run ;
Unsung they live—unwept they fade,
In dim oblivion.

Orcadian Bard ! and is it so ?
Those chords in slumber bound,
Whose varied notes now rous'd the soul,
Now breath'd a wail around ?

Why has thy lofty music ceas'd ?
Is Nature's beauty gone ?
For thou wert wont, in other days,
To make her strains thine own.

Have we then heard thy latest song ?

Britain yet queens the sea,
And loudly calls thee to resume
The song of Liberty.

Thy strains electric, yet shall pour ;
Again each breast shall swell ;
No impulse stirs the human heart
But thou dost know it well.

The Children of the Covenant,
Storied thy verse among,
Like insects in their amber shroud,
Embalm'd in Vedder's song,

Shall be immortal as the piles
That cumber Egypt's sands ;
And glorious as the feath'ry palms
That shadow eastern lands.

Leonidas and Wallace wight,
And Washington, and Tell,
Have been ennobled in thy lay,
And halo'd by thy spell.

Arise! resume thy northern lyre,
And wake thy magic strain!
The Norseman's boast—the Muse's pride—
Awake thy song again.

Let not the blight which Burns curs'd—
A heartless, cold Excise—
Quench in the dust thy noble fire,
Or freeze thine energies.

THE BLIND LASSIE.

TUNE—"The Flower o' Dumblane."

O hark to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea ;
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see ;
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won,
Hersell tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne, come autumn, she cam' wi' her
mither,
A sodger's puir widow, sair wasted an' gaue ;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither,
An' left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.

She left Jeanie weepin', in His holy keepin',
 Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win' ;
We had little siller, yet a' were gude till her,—
 The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin',
 She sits thro' the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear ;
Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and
 winnin' ;

To a' the folks round, the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her ;
 The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun,
For though she has naething, proud hearted this
 wee thing—

The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

MY WIFIE AN' ME.

AIR—"Toddlin but and toddlin ben."

THE laddies now laugh at my wifie and me ;
Yet feckless auld wifie, how canty are we ;
They scarce can believe me, when aften I say.
My Kate and her jo were ance blithesome as they.

My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me

What gars them a' laugh at my wifie an' me ?

Now wither'd, an' cripple, an' maistly as frail
As the wa's o' our housie that rock i' the gale ;
Wha ance wi' the lasses could jig it wi' me ;
Or shaw'd sic a leg, an' wha loupit sae hie ?

My wifie an' me, &c.

Though my pow is now bel' as the howe o' my han',
An' the crap on my chin's like the down o' the swan,
The day's been, my haffets fu' richly were clad,
When the een now sae dim could be match'd wi' the
gled.

My wifie an' me, &c.

An' Kate ! my auld lassie, it seems like yestreen
Sin' ye were run after frae mornin' to een ;
Then happy the lad frae your ee could beguile
What his fancy might count as the gift o' a smile.

My wifie an me, &c.

A' day what a steer did ye mak' in my breast ;
Night fauldit her wings, but she brought me nae rest ;
My blude gallop'd wild as a cowte owre the green,
An' my heart it gaed duntin' the lang simmer een.

My wifie an' me, &c.

But Katy, my dawtie ! tho' auld we hae grown,
The love's but the firmer sae early was sown ;

As canty's we've speel'd it, we'll slip down life's brae,
An' we'll creep aye the closer the langer we gae.

My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,

Just let them laugh on at my wifie an' me!

NOW ROSY SUMMER LAUGHS IN JOY.

AIR—"Bonnie Jeanie Gray."

Now rosy summer laughs in joy,
O'er mountain, glen, and tree ;
And drinks the glittering siller dew,
Frae gowans on the lea.
Blythe frae the clover springs the lark,
To hymn the op'nin' day ;
The wee waves dance beneath the sun,
Like bairnies at their play.

Now frisks the maukin 'mang the grass,
Nor fears the rustlin' trees ;
Now linties chant frae ilka spray,
To charm the westlin' breeze,

Ye gay green birks, your breath is balm,—

Ye stately flowers o' June—

Thou little stream, that wimples by,

Thou sings a soothing tune.

O sweet Balgove ! aboon thy shades

How aft the Star o' Day

Has op'd his wauk'nin' ee to gaze,

On whom I daurna say.

Now chill rememb'rance, journeying back

O'er weary wastes o' gloom,

Rests fondly on the hours we spent

Amang the yellow broom.

And ha'e they bonnie walks aboon,

Where my love dwells afar ?—

Then we may wander yet beneath

A bonnier morning star.

Ah ! why could Heav'n take my flower,—

Nae fairer flower could blaw ;

Oh ! she was heav'n owre lang to me,

Sae she was ta'en awa'.

THE FLOWER O' THE AYR.

I walk'd out yestreen, when the e'enin' was fa'in',
A lingering glory yet played on the sea ;
The woods were sae still, no a zephyr was blawin',
The sang o' the lav'rock was hushed on the lea.
Awa frae the town, wi' its din and its folly,
I kent na, and cared na, how far I had gane ;
The night was sae peacefu', the hour was sae holy,
The spirit o' Nature and I were alane.

I thought on the days when I stray'd wi' my Jessie,
While birds lilted sweet on the banks of the Ayr,—
When Hope's fairy visions were shared wi' my lassie,
And life was as happy as simmer was fair.

Sad was my heart, for again I was roamin'

Thro' scenes that were dear in the days o' langsyne,
And Mem'ry flew back to the still simmer gloamin',

When, prest to my bosom, she vowed to be mine.

There was the burnie yet, fring'd with the breckan ;

There was the bank where she sat on my knee ;

There was the birken bower, sad and forsaken,

Where aft she had lookit sae fondly on me.

But where is my lassie ! O where is my Jessie ?

Ah ! cruel echoes, ye mock my despair ;

Nor sunshine may cheer me, nor tempests can fear me,

Oh, soon may I lie wi' the Flower o' the Ayr.

LORD THOMAS,
OR,
THE DEAD MAN'S RIDE,
A LEGENDARY FRAGMENT.

PART FIRST.

The Murder.

DARK-FROWNING Ruthven Castle stands
High on a rocky steep ;
No warder need protect its wall,
The glen's sae dark an' deep.

Its lord is to the border gane
Wi' a' his men o' weir,
And left behind his only bairn ;
I wot he lo'ed her dear.

May Marjory paced the battlements
Upon the eve o' Yule;
Her face like waves beneath the moon
As cold and beautiful.

The blude has left thy bonny cheek ;
Thy lip is pale and wan ;
What can it be May Marjory
Thus maks thee wring thy han' ?

Why is the step sae solemn now,
Yestreen that was sae light,
And why that ee sae stern and chang'd,
Yestreen that glanc'd sae bright ?

She's ta'en a bodkin frae her kist,
Ance worn by gipsy dame,
And hid it in her yellow hair
Beside the siller kaim.

She's rais'd the whistle to her lips,
And called the fierce sleuth-hound ;
And to the greenwood up the hill
May Marjory is bound.

Scarce has the ladye walk'd a rood—
A rood but barely three—
The hound's low growl struck on her ear ;
Who may the comer be ?

Hark ! on the borders of the waste,
It is a horse's tread ;
And fast and furious o'er the fell
A noble courser sped.

He comes ! his sable chest is flak'd,
White as the ocean foam ;
And rushing like an eagle on
Who seeks his rocky home.

And now the rider's by her side,
The rider's on the ground ;
His voice it startled e'en the dog,
Sae hollow was the sound—

Cried, " Gie me back, May Marjory,
Now yield me back the troth,
That I sae aft hae pledg'd to thee,
Wi' mony a holy oath.

" Far hae I come to thee this nicht,
O'er torrent, scaur and howe ;
For a thousand times I'd tyne my life,
Ere I wad break my vow.

" I've seen her that I lo'ed the best
Lang ere I came to thee ;
I thought she was my brother's bride—
She lo'ed but only me.

“To curb the will, when love is fierce,
To mortal ne’er was given ;
And we maun part, as rocks do part,
Cleft by the bolt o’ Heaven.

“Sae Marjory, gie me back the troth
I pledg’d upon thy han’ ;
For I maun keep my tryst this night
Wi’ Bothwell’s Lady Anne.”

“O truly did I guess Lord Thomas.
The errand ye were on ;
We aye maun reap the whirlwind,
When we the wind have sown.

“O surely did I dread, Lord Thomas,
The errand ye were on ;
Yet take the troth ye plighted me,
And eke my benison.

“ And blythesome may thy meeting be
 Wi’ Lady Anne this night ;
A statelier lover never bless’d
 A love-sick ladye’s sight.

“ But gie me now thy trusty blade,
 Gie me thy sword to keep ;
O it shall be a relic dear,
 O’er which I aye shall weep :

“ But tak’ the harness frae thy breast,
 That grips sae hard and sair,
And press me ance within the arms,
 Whaur I’ll come never mair.”

He’s ta’en the harness frae his breast ;
 He’s gi’en her up his brand ;
And press’d her to his manly heart,
 An’ kiss’d her lily hand.

He's clasp'd May Marjory round the waist.

That was sae jimp and sma',

But ghastly look'd he, when in haste

He tore her arms awa.

He quiver'd like an aspen leaf ;

He gaz'd into the sky ;

Then sunk, and roll'd upon the earth

In strange wild agony.

Great drops of sweat, like summer rain.

Were standing on his brow ;

The cruel Judith calmly smiled—

It is her triumph now.

Ha ! as he turns, the cause is seen ;

Small cause—yet deadly smart ;

A little bodkin sharp and keen

Is buried in his heart.

“ Away, thou fiend ! who stole, like sin,
To mar a life of bliss ;
O God, I dreamt of better things !
And has it come to this ?

My sight is dim ; through death’s dark yetts
My way I now maun wend ;
But vengeance for this bloody deed
E’en from my grave I’ll send.”

“ Set on, set on ! my gude sleuth-hound,
And tear him limb frae limb ;
Nae sword has he to harm thee now,
Fair death’s owre gude for him.

“ Set on, set on ! my brave sleuth-hound,
Now that his breast is bare ;
I trow the head o’ Lady Anne
Will never nestle there !”

PART SECOND.

The Ride.

THE night fell drizzly, cold and drear,
But Marjory linger'd still ;
When, sudden stood her bower-woman
Beside her on the hill.

O what a laugh was theirs ; they look'd
And saw the panting hound
Lap the red blood, that flowed as free
As water on the ground.

They stepp'd into the thickest shade,
And what that hour was done,
It was a deed no sun nor moon,
Nor star might look upon.

Now let her seek her rugged home,
 Less rugged than her breast ;
There let her sleep, if sleep she may,
 I leave her to her rest.

The hound return'd not with the pair,
 But vanish'd in the gloom ;
Startling the little sleeping birds,
 That nestled 'mang the broom.

* * * * *

The wind blew hollow down the strath,
 And lash'd the big waves on the shore ;
The water wraiths were out that night,
 Shrieking amid the tempest's roar.

Snug by the fire the cottar sat,
 Wild tho' the night, he cared na by ;
Yet well he might have fear'd the blast
 Had whirl'd his own roof-tree on high.

The bairnies crept around the hearth,
And listen'd greedily to hear
The awful tales which granny told ;
They sat, and quak'd,—yet burn'd to hear.

The rain splash'd down in waterspouts,
With din that might have mov'd the dumb ;
As if Heaven's windows wide were oped,
As if a second flood had come.

Yet *once*, above the tempest's roar,
Was heard an eldritch cry of fear ;
It was the baying of a hound
That struck the trembling cottar's ear.

And oh ! was that a horse's tramp,
That, in this night of blinding rain,
Came thundering past the lonely walls,
And shook the little window pane ?

Closer they crept, and thought of ghosts
And spectre-huntsmen of the hill ;
And surely deem'd the dawn would bring
A weird fulfill'd of woe and ill.

Yes ! 'twas a steed that thunder'd on,
And at his heels a hound ;
But I cannot see the rider's face,
The gloom is so profound.

What car'd that steed for raging winds,
Or sleet, or piercing cold ?
Away he flies, on terror's wings,
Across the dreary wold.

Nor heeds he once the howling gusts,
That sweep adown the vale :
He only hears that savage cry,—
The sleuth-bound on his trail.

With eyeball strained, and motionless,
And nostril carried high,
It seem'd as if a troop of fiends
Were urging him to fly.

'The stalwart rider sits erect,
But stark and stiff his air ;
The bridle is within his grip,
But dangles loosely there.

The steed may plunge—the steed may rear,
He never draws the rein ;
The knightly spur is on his heel,
But the spur is there in vain.

His courser takes a fearful leap
Across a cavern grim ;
The boldest would have quail'd to look ;—
It never daunted *him*.

It plung'd into the roaring stream
Where boiling eddies fought,
But there he sat a tower of steel,
As though he saw it not.

Madly it flew across the moor,
And stumbling as it ran,
It reel'd—it fell—but still the same,
There sat the iron man.

Up! on and on the good horse flew,
And slacken'd not his pace;
When sudden flash'd the lightnings blue
Across the rider's face.

Jesu! how bloodless was that cheek,
The wanness of despair
Is nought to this; that noble brow,
Alas! how deadly fair!

The jaw is down ! oh ! close the lips
Those ghastly teeth to screen !
Half sever'd in his agony
The lolling tongue is seen.

The big, white eyes glar'd blank and wide,
The flesh Death's impress bore ;
It sicken'd Heav'n that moment's view :
The lightnings gleam'd no more.

* * * * *

Love wakes, and waits for thee, Sir Knight !
O haste thee on thy way ;
Now see'st thou yonder twinkling light,
It chides thy long delay !

The steed has climb'd a gentle hill,
And stands by Bothwell's tower ;
A taper's light yet feebly gleams
Within the ladye's bower.

Long hast thou wearied Lady Anne,
The hour has long been past ;
But now his steed is at the gate,—
Thy love is come at last.

* * * * *

“ Now, truant, truant ! is it thou !
Yet cruel was thy joke ;
Where hast thou tarried ? ” strange it seem’d
But ne’er a word he spoke.

“ I deem’d thou hadst been drowned where
The rival brothers fought ; ”
Faint, faint, she grew ; what may it mean ?
Lord Thomas answers not !

Fast for the taper she has flown,
Returned with trembling speed,
A coil of thongs is round his waist,
And round and round his steed.

She throws the light upon his face,
O mercy ! the display !
Her shriek pierced to the midnight sky,
And reason fled for aye.

The grave maun be his marriage-bed,
The worm maun be his bride ;
The eyes were fixed that glared on her—
It was A DEAD MAN'S RIDE !

THE BROKEN HEART O' ANNIE.

[Founded on a Fragment, in CROMEK'S Remains of
Nithsdale and Galloway Song.]

O LIFT na up thy white wee han !
To hear thee cry, my babe I'm laith ;
For I ha'e mony gather'd tears,
An' fondly would I weep for baith :
Lie still, lie still, my dear wee babe ;
Lie still, my darlin' lammie, O !
Nor vex me mair, since dark despair'
Sits heavy on thy mammie, O !

Nae holy words o'er me were said,
And men will ca' thee my disgrace ;
Yet wha could think o' sin and shame
When gazin' in that dear wee face ?

Thy father's bree—thy mither's ee,
Are stamp'd in thee, my Tammie, O ;
But gin deceit be in thy heart,
Thou hast nae't frae thy mammie, O.

Fause man ! my love was as a mist
That cam atween my God an' me ;
An' when my burnin' lips ye kiss'd,
'Twas a' my Heav'n to gaze on thee :
You've broke a heart that lo'ed thee dear,
An' guileless was as ony, O ;
And now, owre late for me, I hear
That thou hast broken mony, O !

O that the turf for me were spread,—
The lang grass wavin' owre my breast ;
But Death aye passes on his way,
An' winna lay this head to rest ;
Then lie thee still, my dear wee babe !
Lift na thy white wee hannie, O !
Nor add thy tears to grieve the heart,—
The broken heart o' Annie, O.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

Now twilight falls to break the spell ;

Fate ! canst thou part us, can it be
I should have liv'd to say farewell !

Farewell to bonny Woodhouselee ?
Yes ! part we must, ah ! swelling tear,
It needs thee not to tell how dear
As buried joys ye are to me,
Ye bonny braes o' Woodhouselee !

The wide world has no home for me ;
I have not where to lay my head ;
Now I could lay me down and dec,
Since " all the life of life " is fled :

But vain the tide of years shall roll,
To wear thy image from my soul ;
Home of my childhood ! home of glee !
Farewell, farewell ! sweet Woodhouselee !

Despair would brighten, could I trust,
When long, long years had closed the scene,
My bones should in the hallowed dust
Be laid, where all my heart had been.
But hopeless, for a foreign shore,
I leave the cherish'd haunts of yore ;
Alas ! I never more may see
The bonny braes o' Woodhouselee.

My father's hearth is desolate ;
My sister long has pined away ;
And yet I ling'ring weep and wait,
Why, homeless wand'rer—why delay ?
One look—the last—oh grief and dool !
My soul is sick, my heart is full ;
Farewell ! yet how I yearn to thee,
My bonny, bonny Woodhouselee !

ANNIE LEE.

TUNE—"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon."

WEEL do I mind the hour we met,
While cushats rung their e'enin' ca' ;
Yet mony circlin' years hae pass'd
Sin' frae my love I sail'd awa'.
We gaz'd into ilk ither's face ;
The burning love of years confess'd ;
While slowly sunk the sun amang
The gowden islands o' the west.

Weel do I mind the fairy spot,—
A dell fu' secret, fair and lown ;
Nae time can wear it frae my heart ;—
'Twas by the banks o' bonny Doon.

The siller saughs bent weeping low,
To kiss the bosom o' the stream ;
Sae hung sweet Annie on my breast,
Half-deeming a' was but a dream.

And weel I mind ilk broken word,
And still I hear her bursting sigh ;
Her parting look is treasur'd here,
Like light behind a gloomy sky.
Again her snawy arms are flung
In bitter anguish round my neck ;
Can I forget that faithfu' heart ?
Ere I forget, mine ain maun break.

I sail'd away by break of day,
To gather gowd to busk her braw ;
Yet nane sae rich as we in love,
Tho' puirtith's hand was on us twa.
I cam in joy, I cam wi' gowd,—
Wi' gowd, wi' joy for her to share ;
But she had pined, an' wealth was vain,
I never, never saw her mair.

I hae been scorch'd by Afric's sun,
I hae been blench'd 'neath Greenland's snaw ;
I've wander'd mony a weary mile,
Far frae our bonny birken shaw ;
But light are a' the ills o' Time,
And a' the griefs that man can dree,
To my despair, when first I gazed
Upon the grave o' Annie Lee.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

TUNE—"The Exile of Erin."

Who flits thro' the twilight, since war's cruel thunder
Has ceas'd to disturb, and the battle is o'er?
'Tis a father who weeps the last ties rent asunder,—
The pride of his hearth, shall he meet him no more?
"Oh my lov'd Roland, where art thou lying?"
Trembling he paus'd—was it Echo replying?
Hush! 'twas the wind thro' the trees gently sighing,
And dull on his ear fell the sea's sullen roar.

He has come to the spot where—oh heart-chilling
omen!

A vulture sat fearless, sole monarch of all;
He found all he lov'd 'mid a thousand of foemen—
The colours wrapp'd round him, his funeral pall.

“The tears of a mother fell fast streaming o’er thee ;
Now, might the tears of a father restore thee ;
Victory smil’d as she swept on before thee,
Ah ! did she weep at thy glorious fall ?

“ Yet, though thy country may raise to thy glory
Trophies and monuments splendid to view,—
Yet, though renown’d in the page of her story,
Ages may hail thee, the gallant and true ;
Cold now that hearth, once the altar of gladness ;
Lone sits thy mother, bereaved in her sadness ;
Hark ! now she screams in the frenzy of madness ;
Her cry is for Roland, her cry is for you !”

He sunk down exhausted, heart-broken, and weeping,
By the root of the tree where the young hero slept ;
The shepherds at sunrise descried a man sleeping ;
They stirr’d him—he woke not—his last tear was
wept.

He lies buried far from the peasant’s rude dwelling ;
The sweet, rippling stream at his feet softly swelling ;
No stone marks his grave—no monument telling
That over his ashes the mild breezes swept.

PHEMIE LINDSAY.

O BLYTHE were we on Halloween
The blazing ingle round ;
And lighter hearts, and brighter smiles,
May ne'er again be found.
Then jest an' sang gaed circlin' free,
Till day began to daw ;
But the sang o' Phemie Lindsay
Was sweetest 'mang them a'.

The nits were set, the stocks were pu'ed—
The apple swung on high ;
The luggies three upon the hearth
Were changed sae quick and sly :

O merry, merry was the laugh,
 Whatever might befa' ;
 But the laugh o' Phemie Lindsay
 Was blythest 'mang them a'.

The barn-floor was swept sae trim,
 The fiddles loud began ;
 Then ilka Jockie cleek't his Jean,
 An' thro' the reel we span.
 The gigglin' lasses were na blate
 Their twinklin' feet to shaw ;
 But the step o' Phemie Lindsay
 Was fleetest 'mang them a'.

Now Halloween may come an' gang,
 It brings nae joy to me ;
 But waefu' thoughts o' ither days
 That ne'er again can be.
 O'er simmer flowers a blight will come,
 E'en at their sweetest blaw ;
 Sae faded Phemie Lindsay—
 The dearest o' them a'.

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

THE maidens are smiling in rocky Glencoe ;
The clansmen are arming to rush on the foe ;
Gay banners are streaming, as forth pours the clan,
The yellow-haired laddie is first in the van.

The pibroch is kindling each heart to the war ;
The Camerons' slogan is heard from afar ;
They close for the struggle, where many shall fall,
But the yellow-haired laddie is foremost of all.

He towers like a wave in the fierce rolling tide ;
No kinsman of Evan's may stand by his side ;
The Camerons gather around him alone ;
He heeds not the danger, and fear is unknown.

The plumes of his bonnet are seen through the fight,
A beacon for valour, which fires at the sight ;
But he sees not yon claymore, ah ! traitorous thrust !
The plumes and the bonnet are laid in the dust.

The maidens are smiling in rocky Glencoe ;
The clansmen approach—they have vanquished the
foe ;

But sudden the cheeks of the maidens are pale,
For the sound of the coronach comes on the gale.

The maidens are weeping in rocky Glencoe ;
From warriors' eyelids the bitter drops flow ;
They come—but oh ! where is their chieftain so dear ?
The yellow-haired laddie is low on the bier.

The maidens are wailing in rocky Glencoe ;
There's gloom in the valley—at sunrise 'twill go ;
But no sun can the gloom from their hearts chase
away,—

The yellow-haired laddie lies cauld in the clay.

O HAE YE SEEN THE BONNIE LASSIE, &c.

TUNE—"The Brier Bush."

O hae ye seen the bonnie lassie I loe best ?
O hae ye seen the bonnie lassie I loe best ?
How sweetly smiles the sun when sinking i' the west ;
But sweeter smiles the bonnie lassie I loe best.

By yonder burnie's side where the hazels make a screen,
And south winds only reach, let winds blaw'e'er sae keen,
An ivy'd cottage stands, and its name, the " Linty's
Nest,"

There lives the bonnie lassie that I loe best.

She's fairer than the rose, and as fragrant is her mou ;
She's fresher than the gowan, when 'tis glitterin' i' the
dew ;

An' pure as sleepin' innocence, when smiling on the
 breast,
 Is the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I loe best.

When lay' rocks leave the clud for the dewy clover lea,
 And the herds hae left the meadow lands to gloamin'
 and to me,
 I linger by the thorn, for 'tis there I set the tryst,
 Wi' the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I loe best.

The hawthorn sweetly blaws whaur the trottin' burnie
 rins,
 And steals its winding way thro' the maze o' gowden
 whins ;
 We wander up the dell, and I feel amang the blest,
 Wi' the bonnie, bonnie lassie that I loe best.

The hours gae fleetly by—O a week but seems a day !
 But slowly creep the minutes when my lassie is away ;
 Now soon she'll be mine ain, and to my bosom prest,
 For aye, the bonnie lassie that I loe best.

THE FLOWER O' BALGONIE.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

SHE'S fair 'mang the mony, the Flower o' Balgonie,—

O lives there the villain that heart could beguile ;
The hues o' the morning her sweet face adorning,

How modest her blush, and how winning her smile.
Her soft, balmy cheek, and her ripe lip sae bonnie,
Are dear to my soul, as the flower to the bee ;
The Graces have smiled on the Flower o' Balgonie,
And Innocence beams in the blink o' her ee.

She loes me sincerely, I loe her as dearly,

My bosom her empire, how gentle her reign ;
Tho' courted by mony, the Flower o' Balgonie,
O weel do I ken, that her heart's a' my ain.

The world wi' its pleasures, its pomp, and its treasures,
May strive, but in vain, to disturb our repose ;
Love's rose sweetly blowing—the stream o' life
 flowing
Calm at the fountain, and calm to the close.

EPITAPH

ON

HONEST JOHN GUN, LATE DRUGGIST, B——.

STOP, pilgrim ! lightly tread the sod—

I'll shew thee reason for't ;

Here rests* the *mortal* part of one

Who *bore* a good *report* ;—

Who kept a little druggist's shop,

Aiming “ with Death to wrestle ;”

And being “ Gun” was said to be,

'Twixt *mortar* and the *pistol*. †

* *Rusts*—Printer's Devil.

† *Pestle*—Idem.

Pills, salves, and leeches, there he sold,
 But chatter'd more, and louder,
 When o'er the counter he dispens'd
 A medicine in *powder*.

Of *twisted* make,—of *temper* keen,
 Tho' never sour nor *snappy* ;
 “*Sparks in the throat*” plagued him, I ween,—
 For John loved well the nappy.

A curious schemer, always *bent*
 On adding to his *stock* ;
 But somehow all his bubbles *burst*,—
 At least they “*end in smoke*”

A mighty spokesman eke was John,
 And when he would enlarge
 On public grievances,—who then
 Could stand his hot *discharge* ?

A contrast strange, he and his wife,
And never ceased their quarrel ;
She lank as *ramrod*, and as stiff,—
He stouter than a *barrel*.

Featly to sketch the scenes that pass'd
'Twixt him and Madam Meagre,
Requires a brush, more deft than mine,—
A Cruickshank or a *Tregear* ! *

John drank ! and when too highly *charged*,
Perchance near to the muzzle,
She pommell'd sore his plump *butt end*,—
Sharp reck'ning for his guzzle : •

The *only* reck'ning ;—poor John was
Oblivious o'er his pot ;
And, strange to tell ! was always *miss'd*
At settling of "*the shot* !"

* Designer of a series of comic plates, entitled " Rum Jokes."

Some talk of addlepates, and some
Of monkey faces pert ;
John's *caput* was of *canine* cast,
A *doghead* on the alert.

His reverend checks, no longer *bush'd*,
His lengthen'd years betray ;
Yet to his ancient haffet stuck
One *lock* of *iron* grey !

Last scion of a noble stem,
That *flourish'd* like the oak ;
No *shoots* arise—interr'd for aye
That old and trusty *stock*.

Rough-voiced—straight-forward, honest John !
Like meteor thou art gone ;
Like *flash in pan*, thou *wentest off*,
And I am left alone.

Step lightly, softly o'er the turf,
For he, whom worms now rush on,
Hated, as bare-feet hate sharp *flints*,
The very name "*percussion*."

ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS

TO

“ THE THREE HUNDRED ” AT THE PASS OF
THERMOPYLÆ.

HEARD ye, then, the gathering hum ?

Nearer still, and near they come ;

Hark ! the thunder of the drum ;

 Their banners flap the sky !

Courage ! as we've bled, we'll bleed ;

Fadeless laurels be our meed ;

O it is joy such hearts to lead

 To death or victory !

Brothers ! swear as sworn have I ;

Swear to conquer or to die !

Till the streams of life run dry,

 Will Spartans yield to *them* ?

Hirelings ! pamper'd eastern slaves !
Where you rank grass sluggish waves,
Ye shall find your nameless graves—
Your fathers found the same !

Noble harvest ! see the throng ;
Does each breast impatient long ?
Are your sickles sharp and strong ?
Ha ! you grimly smile !
Have I e'er deceived you once ?
Dance your latest Pyrrhic dance
Bide your time—let them advance,
Then mow them rank and file.

Think on all the Greeks have done ;
Think on bloody Marathon ;
Think, and strike, the field is won,
Ye gallant hundreds three :
Round the land we lov'd so well,
Our names shall be a wizard spell ;
And men shall shudder as they tell
Thy tale, Thermopylæ !

When we fall, as fall we must,
Our's shall be no vulgar dust ;
In Pindar's burning song, I trust,
 Our deeds shall live for aye :
Our childrens' children yet shall come,
And kindle at the hero's tomb ;—
Plants of renown, our names shall bloom
 Thro' Fame's eternal day.

Twilight spreads her mantle dun ;
Slowly fades the crimson'd sun ;
But the combat once begun,
 Our swords shall flash us light ;
Brothers ! shout your battle cry !
Victors, though we proudly die,—
Victory our latest sigh,—
 “ We'll feast with Gods to night.”*

* The *ipsissima verba* of the Hero.

LET ME KISS THOSE TEARS AWAY !

WEEP not, dearest ! for my soul
Is sad to see thy alter'd eye ;
And down those cheeks the tear-drops roll,
Where danc'd the sunny smile of joy.
Joys have sprung from sorrow's tree ;
Who can tell what ours may be ?
Darkest night must have its day ;
Let me kiss those tears away !

Weep not, dear ! tho' well I know
Why in thy breast Hope's star has set ;
Despair's wild sea may ebb or flow,
But I will love thee fondly yet.

Dreariest pathways have an end ;
Things at worst must turn and mend ;—
April showers give place to May !
Let me kiss those tears away !

THE DOMINIE'S DOCHTER.

Gin Fiddler Content aye play'd up the tune,
Sae merry the dance o' life would gae !
Gin Fashion an' Rank would flee to the moon,
I've thought I could dance it wi' Betty M'Lae :
But Betty has learnin'—nae scholar am I ;
She counts me, I hear, 'mang the nowte an' the kye ;
She scorns an' she geeks me whene'er I gae by ;
O the Dominie's dochter is far aboon me !

My coat is auld-fashion'd, an' maybe my shoon,
Yet I'm respeekit in my degree ;
The year is but young, an' before it is dune,
I'll sit in the Council a Bailie ye'll see :

I am—but what matters to speak o' mysell?
Set her up wi' her gum-flowers, an' ca' her a belle!
They've flatter'd the cretur clean out o' hersell,
An' the Dominie's dochter is far aboon me.

But stop! for I'm really in want o' a wife,
Since my granny was buriel, how lanely I feel;
There's bonny Jean Inglis, I'll lay ye my life,
Would gladly come hame to this canny, snug
biel' :

I'll just awa there, I've been jeer'd lang enough,
An' Betty may live to repent her rebuff;
For her taws, an' her grammars, I gie na a snuff;
Now the Dominie's dochter may gae to the deil!

SOUTHEY.

WHY is there gloom in Keswick vale?

Stranger! the passing knell has toll'd!

A glorious bard has gone to join

The glorious bards of old.

It is not that the sky is dark,

Sweet song birds hail the opening year;

The sun is laughing forth in joy,

For infant spring is here.

Yet solemn stillness reigns around;

The village children cease their play;

Cheerless the hind pursues his toil,

Nor whistles he to-day.

Was it the time for bard to die,

Ere yet the "primrose rath" had blown?

Why staid'st thou not till on the blast

The autumn leaves were strown?

Yet, no! would we have pain prolonged?

We would be thankful it *has been*;

O not one hour too soon was closed

The melancholy scene.

Come! let your thoughts go forth with me;

Away, away to Keswick side;

Time! give us back one little week;

Behold him ere he died!

What drooping muse hangs o'er the couch,

Her eyes suffus'd with softest dew?

Alas! how many days have pass'd,

Since that lov'd face he knew?

And there he lies, all motionless,

Uncheer'd by Reason's feeblest spark;

The eye where radiant Fancy beamed,

Rayless, and fixed, and dark.

Sad scene is the Acropolis,

With ruined temples strewn around;

Dark weeds trailed o'er the columns white,

Half-buried in the ground;

But Athens ne'er disclosed a sight,
Nor years, since years began to roll,
Ere brought a ruin sad as this,—
Wreck of a god-like soul !

A mind in ruins, fragment-thoughts,
Scarce thoughts, so feebly linked are they,—
The strong man helpless as the babe,—
The child of yesterday !
O what a lesson has been read,
Proud man, such yet may be thy state !
'Tis good for us to have been here ;
Stand, gaze, and meditate !

In that crushed, pity-asking wreck,
That voiceless, helpless form we see,
The centre of a thousand gifts—
A bright epitome.
Bring forth his “ Roderick,” fiery, fierce ;
Read, kindle, pause, read and admire,
And start to find, in frequent bursts,
How much of Homer's fire.

Pass on ! and turn the sybil page ;

Hush ! demons shriek ! unearthly wail ;
Confess the power of “ Thalaba,”

“ That wild and wondrous tale !”
Woman ! thou ow’st the bard a debt

Who trac’d thy worth in noblest scenes ;
Attest it martyred brave Joan,
Thou Maid of Orleans !

France ! yield thy tribute to the man,
Who poured the spirit-stirring tones,
To elevate a nobler name
Than thy Napoleon’s.

The wide earth cannot hold thy fame !
Far o’er the wide and boundless sea
What heart that glows at Nelson’s name
But grateful turns to thee ?

Dear wert thou to our schoolboy days,
Tho’ starting in our sleep to dream
Of him, the human fiend, who plung’d
“ Young Edward in the stream :”

Dear art thou to our manly prime,
Thy pathos still our tears can win,
When listening to her hapless tale—
Poor Mary of the Inn.

Would we see Model-History—
Truth richly 'tired, yet simply plain ?
Seek not in Livy's " pictured page,"
But Southey's " Wars of Spain."
Moulding a mighty nation's taste,
He reared a chaste and classic dome,
Supporting Jeffrey's gracefulness
Upon the strength of Brougham !

Aye ! gaze upon that wreck, and pause ;
Were these thy works ? O wondrous range !
Mysterious Providence, we cry,
How strange, how sad, and strange.
The bow full bent ne'er left his grasp ;
The string he ne'er relaxed a jot ;
So fell our Southey, ere his time—
So perish'd Walter Scott !

His was no venal truckling soul,
That worshipp'd rank, that bowed to power ;
He was not one who laboured, wrote,
Lived for the passing hour.
Tho' lays of loyalty he sung,
Of servile homage there was none ;
And yet he propp'd, as few have done,
The altar and the throne.

At all of little, low, or vile,
The standard of his wrath unfurl'd ;
For Vice he had a stinging whip,
To lash it through the world.
Yet cast in Nature's manliest mould,
His soul, accordant to the plan,
Was noble, gentle, true and kind,
As ever beat in man !

Thou weep'st, fair wife, on whom short months
Have wrought the work of wasting years ;
I do not bid thee cease to grieve,
For God will dry thy tears.

Thou weep'st, old man on Rydal Mount,
The partners of thy early page !
The intellectual Hercules—
The giant of his age.

First Coleridge went—ah, sadly miss'd !
That voice, deep, strange, melodious tone ;
And now by glassy Windermere,
Great Wordsworth roams alone !
No more with thee shall Southey stray,
Exchanging sparkling converse high ;
By Derwentwater or Lochore,
Or down the murmuring Wye.

The birds shall miss him in the vale,
Keswick's secluded groves among,
Where oft he mused at early dawn,
Fond listening to their song.
And ardent youths shall miss him more,
Who helped them, friendless and unknown,
And wreathed with laurels many a brow,
Regardless of his own.

Bard after bard may rise and sing,
And “strain at Marlow’s mighty line ;”
But few shall strike a chord so high,
So sweet, so pure as thine.
What boots it *when* the Poet dies ?
Autumn or Spring the same had been ;
What frosts may nip the tree thou raised ?
Thy fame is ever green !

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY AN EARLY SCOTTISH
POET UNDER APPREHENSION OF INSANITY.

AWAY, wild shapes ! I know ye well !
Ye thoughts so strange, so horrible ;
I sing by fits, I dance, I cry,—
Mother ! is this INSANITY ?
Ha ! I have fear'd 'twould come to this,
In many an hour of loneliness ;
Now hurries on, fleet as the wind,
The dreadful twilight of the mind ;
And aimless thoughts, too sure betoken,
The chord is loos'd—the bowl is broken.

Bring me the mirror—let me trace
 Its hideous workings in my face ;
 The twitching lip!—the glaring eye!—
 Jesus ! it is INSANITY.

Dup'd by a mother's jealous guile,
 I never mark'd the meaning smile,
 The hasty shrug—the wondering eye—
 The whisper'd word—the pitying sigh :
All sunk the poor despised fool
 Below the veriest child at school.

Well I remember crazy Jean,
 Whom urchins pelted from the green ;
 Hooting as if the wretch were sent
 Only to be their merriment.
 No ruth, no pity, check'd their *play*,
 'Twas dearer than a holiday :
 I drove them off—ah ! fool and blind,—
 “ A fellow-feeling makes us kind.”

Stay, wand'ring thoughts!—a moment pause!
Must I soon be what Jeanie was?
With vacant look, and gaping stare,
Wander about, regardless where;—
Shall I, a maniac, take the street,
Gibbering at every face I meet,
With “leer malign,” palsy the sense,
And frighten youth and innocence;
Or, fetter'd in an iron chain,
For years and years must I remain,
Where every hour that passes by,
Shall count an age of agony?
Pity me God! let Reason's spark
Relume the soul, now drear and dark;
And shed again her heav'nly light,
To scatter Frenzy's moonless night!
Pity me God! suspend the blow;
Say I shall not be tortur'd so.

Oh! blame my madness, blame not me,
If I shall turn to cruelty:

I would not hurt the meanest thing !
Yon weapon'd insect murmuring,—
The squalid toad, that haunts the fen,—
The foulest reptile in the glen,
Were sacred in the *madman's* eye ;
For worlds he would not hurt a fly !
Pity me, God ! and mercy show
As I have done, as Thou dost know.

Say, mother, shall thy child forlorn
From those dear arms be rudely torn,
And thrust in yonder fearful den
A fellow-fiend to fiendish men ?
Ah ! never, never shall we part,—
My trust is anchor'd on *thy* heart.

SONG FOR THE MILLION.

AIR—" Le Petit Tambour."

KING ARTHUR'S sons, when turn'd to the door**

Because they could not sing,

Long stumped about, but to their scrip

No coppers could they bring.

And still have they been wand'ring on,

And envying thro' each town,

Each beggarman whose squalling din

Brought showers of pennies down.

And oft they grumbled as they trudged,—

"Aint all this mighty queer,

Because old dad, quite music-mad,

Has got so nice an ear?

* King Arthur ruled this land ;
He was a mighty king ;
Three sons of yore he turned out of door
Because they could not sing.—OLD SONG.

The day before we got the sack,
His fiddler, with surprise,
Received a wig, all thick with flour,
For *nothing*, in his eyes.

“ His son, whose flute had caught a cold,
While he, poor lad, was sick,
Missed, by an inch, the Ancient’s toe,
Raised for a hearty kick.
’Tis all *humbug* for him to fret,
For we can never *hum* ;
As well might he a subject hang
For daring to be dumb !”

Last week they came to Embro’ Town,
And joining Hullah’s band,
They straight began to yell away,
Hard-staring at his *hand* !
Wide gaped their jaws, as if they meant
To swallow Christmas buns ;
While Hullah cried, “ ver good, ver good,
Ver vell, King Arthur’s sons !

“ Vat tho’ you born too near de vood,
Vith lungs you all us shame,
You’ll by de o’pra make your food,
Like Templeton and Braime !”
He polished up their *timmer*-notes,
Like workman with his file,
And ere they left the three could sing
“ God save the King” in style !

THE JORUM O' TODDY.

Your dandy may sip at his Claret and Sack,
An' fuss about Sherry and Burgundy's smack ;
Wha sneers at gude Whisky, weel merits the rack,
Or the halter like puir Deacon Brodie ;
For him and his tippie I care na a plack,—
But gie me a—Jorum o' Toddy.

Ha ! auld Ferintosh, ye look hearty an' weel,
Hoo's a' wi' ye Islay, my dainty fine chiel ?
An' cracky Glenlivet, ye spice o' the deil,
Hae mercy ye wee Highland body !
Nor grip me sae hard as ye grip't " famous Neil,"
When he sank 'neath a—Jorum o' Toddy.

Come lass bring the glasses—the lads are a' met,
An' dry are our throats, but we'll moisten them yet ;
Mak' haste wi' the water—be sure that its het ;
 Awa' wi' the tray, like a ledly ;
An' noo bonny doo, that the things are a' set,
 Just leave's to our—Jorum o' Toddy.

THE DAYS THAT WE HAE SEEN !

O JENNY dinna look sae wae,
I downa bide that sickly smile ;
O dinna wring your hands an' greet,
As ye hae dune this weary while :
But lay your head upon my breast,
An' dry thae drappin' een ;
For ne'er again can Time restore
The days that we hae seen !

Think na upon the bitter hour
When Jean and Willie breath'd awa ;
Altho' they were the fairest flowers
E'er bloomed in cot or lordly ha' ;
We mony blessins still hae left,
An' gratefu' are, I ween ;
Tho' ne'er again can Time restore
The days that we hae seen !

O Jenny dinna look sae wae,
I downa bide that sickly smile ;
O dinna wring your hands and greet,
As ye hae dune this weary while :
For I maun be your Willie now,
An' you maun be my Jean ;
Tho' ne'er again can Time restore
The days that we hae seen !

THE MIDGES' DANCE.

WRITTEN AT SUNSET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

SEE how they wheel their varying reel

Above the glassy stream !

No cares harass their happy life,

Which passes like a dream ;

No jealousies intrude to mar

Their fleeting hour of joy ;

Precedence claims no empire here,

Nor rank nor pride annoy.

Lightly they skim on filmy wing ;

Eager the dance they ply ;

Their chandelier the Evening Star,—

Their ball-room is the sky.

Their music is the mavis' song,
 Poured from a hazel spray ;
The sable minstrel of the brake
 Responsive mends his lay.

Half lost among the fleecy clouds,
 I hear a cadence shrill ;
The songster's hid, but well I know
 The treble fife-like trill :
And wearied bees, among the trees,
 Are softly murmuring by ;
To bind the whole, the ring-dove's coo
 Deepens the melody.

Then wheel away, ye dancers gay,
 For here alone I see
Licence*without a taint of sin—
 A guiltless revelry.
I've stood in many a crowded hall,
 And turned from beauty's glance ;
Oh ! would to Heav'n these scenes were all
 Pure as the Midges' dance.

A MADRIGAL.

WHEN Spring, in robes sae green and gay,

Her fav'rites had array'd,

I wander'd forth wi' Phemy Gray

Thro' Milton's hazel glade.

The mavis woo'd his speckled love,

The linty's mate was true ;

And deep within the beechen grove

We heard the croodlin' doo.

Yet eauld to me was Phemy's ee ;

The warming Sun of May

Might kindle flames of love in them,

But ne'er in Phemy Gray.

And now that Winter decks the fields,

And trees, like brides, in white,

My hearth to me nae comfort yields,

Nor ken I hame's delight :

The robin hops within my door,
As tame as tame can be ;
The wind that froze the waters o'er
Has thaw'd his heart to me.

Yet nought has changed and sair I dread,
Nae change, alas ! can be ;
December, May, and Phemy Gray,
Are could alike to me.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

On hearing that the magnificent Quay built by the Duke of Buccleuch at Granton had been almost entirely swept away in a storm, and a ridiculous report in consequence.

BUCCLEUCH has fled, alas ! alas !

Poor man in debt I hear,

And, like the tender Lycidas,

He has not left his PIER.

BYRON AND MISS CHAWORTH.

'Tis May, and 'tis May's loveliest eve ;
The silver lake is sleeping,
While scarce a star is to be seen
Thro' the soft azure peeping :
The birch and willow graceful droop ;
The midges wheel—a myriad troop,
Disporting 'mong the trees ;
The faintest sounds are borne along,
Distance resolves them into song,
And woodland melodies.

By yonder tree a noble youth,
His wearied limbs has spread ;
Its “ old fantastic roots” supply
A pillow for his head ;—

Bitter his smile—e'en in his sleep
Hot tear drops ooze from fountains deep,
And quiv'ring is his eye ;
Oh ! deem not it is fancy's sketch,
His look is of the sentenc'd wretch
Who only wakes—to die.

And what should grieve a youth who seems
Indeed a gentle one—
A very flower, like Solomon's,
Which “ toil'd not, neither spun ?”
Is Dissipation's searing trace
Branded into that angel-face ?
The thought is folly sure ;
Say, is the curse of ruin'd maid
Upon that young heart heavy laid ?
No ! he is good and pure.

Of Mary Chaworth is his dream,
Thoughts whirling, not in joy ;
And bubbling ever to the top
Her words “ *The cripple boy !*”

To-day it is her wedding-day,
The boy has wander'd far away ;
 Oh ! he had died to see
What gave to her another's name,
And lost him " childish imp and lame,"
 The " Star of Annesly." *

I saw the storm of passion sweep
 Across that forehead fair ;
Pride, Scorn, intense and burning Love,
 All working wildly there.
She could alone that heart have bless'd ;
But little had the maiden guess'd,
 When smiling at his sigh,
His wing would soar so high and far,
To make her name at last " a Star"
 Of IMMORTALITY !

* Byron called her the " Morning Star of Annesly."

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

TUNE—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon."

MY blessings on the raptur'd hour,
When first I held thee a' my ain ;
An' kiss'd thy lips sae fresh and pure,
Syn'e strain'd thee to my breast again.
They say thy cheek its bloom has tyn'd,
The gladsome blink has left thine ee ;
I see the rose within thy mind,
Nor miss ae look o' love frae thee.

When I was wasted, ill and sick,
And hov'ring near the gates o' death ;
When tears were streaming down thy cheek,
And thou didst pray the doom for baith :

What hand but thine, my darling Jean,
 Could bring me thro' when hope was o'er ?
Dear wert thou on our bridal e'en,
 But ilka day I love thee more.

O sweet are roses bath'd in dew,
 And sweet the clov'ry fields at e'en ;
Sweet is the modest bell sae blue,—
 Mair sweet than a' to me my Jean.
Thrice happy day we met, for me !
 May sun-blinks light it evermair ;
Joy is nae joy, if wanting thee,—
 And grief is sweet wi' thee to share !

TOUZLED BY JAMIE

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

WHaur was it first I was touzled by Jamie?

O whaur was it first that he kittled my chin?

We stood in the barn just gigglin' at ither,

For tricky wee Sandy had steekit us in.

My face grew sae red, that I could na look on him;

I creepit, an' creepit aye nearer the wa' ;

An' Jamie was blate, tho' at last out he stammer'd

Ae sweet little question,—I answered him na !

He pluck'd up a spirit, an' cam owre aside me,

And fain had I run, had I kent whaur to flee ;

Whaur now was his blateness? O I saw nae mair o't,

He touzled my tap-knots fu' briskly for me :

Nae word could I speak, for he smother'd it comin' ;
What could a puir lassie do wi' him ava ?
Yet saft were his kisses, his breath like the gowan,
O how could I ever hae answer'd him na ?

Neist day I was bleachin' my claes i' the gloamin',
A glaiket-like lass, and I hafpins thought shame ;
When close by the burnie I spied the dear laddie,—
The gait was na lang, but he cleekit me hame.
O mony a look did he get frae my mither ;
I saw in a gliff he had taken her ee ;
An' sune they got cracky an' couthie thegither,
For Jamie aye a' bodies body could be.

An' now he's mine ain, mine ain dear Jamie,
An' kind he has been, as he promised to be ;
Three bonnie sweet bairnies are todlin' around him ;
Sae gleesome he dandles them a' on his knee.
Words canna tell ye how dearly I loe him,—
O what could he ask an' his Jessie say na ?
He needs na to seek what he took in our daffin',
For brawly he kens I would offer him twa !

THE OLD BACHELOR.

I LOV'D thee in life's early day ;
 Ev'n in my wildest glee,
How oft I left my boyish play
 To think and dream of thee.
I wander'd by the lonely sea,
 I fancied thee my own,
And sigh'd, and wish'd a king to be,
 That thou might'st share my throne.

I worshipp'd thee in manhood's prime ;
 I liv'd but in thy breath,
Nor thought of chance, or change, or time,
 My love was strong as death :

Another came with vows of faith,
And worthy too of thine ;
Thou wert my fondest hope on earth,
And yet thou wert not mine.

I have not yet forgot to sigh,
Although my hair be grey ;
But love thee dear and fervently,
As in my childhood's day :
I see thy children sporting gay,
Ev'n now around my door ;
Fond foolish thoughts, away, away,
She lov'd another more.

THE LANDLORD'S SONG.

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

O BUT I'm proud to see ye a'!

Blythe an' merry, blythe an' merry,
Hech! but I'm fond to see ye a'

Sae happy here around me.

Now I maun sing, tho' jorums three,

Hae set my wits a thocht agee;

But daffin, jokes, an' rattlin' glee,

To fun an' sang hae tun'd me!

O but I'm proud to see ye a'!

Blythe an' merry, blythe an' merry,
I'm mair than glad to see ye a'

Sae canty here around me.

Wi' faces like the nor-wast moon ;
Wi' souls a' little cares aboon ;
Wi' hearts an throats alike in tune—
Bless, bless ilk ane around me !

For O I'm proud to see ye a' !
Blythe an' merry, blythe an' merry ;
My brithers, happy be your fa',
Sae couthie here around me !
O Daddy Care if there ye sat,
We'd fill ye fou as ony bat,
An' gar ye chorus, weel I wat,
Wi' a the band around me !

THERE'S NANE O' THEM A' LIKE THEE, LASSIE.

Thou wert a' the world to me, lassie !

Dear, dear to my heart and ee ;

O there's nane o' them a' like thee, lassie,

There's nane o' them a' like thee.

'Tis singin' e'en in Morton ha',

Fair maidens dance thou loed langsyne ;

But saft frae a' the tear-draps fa',

They miss a form that ance was mine.

O wha could help the startin' tear ?

Yet how I bless their glist'nin' een ;

My lassie dear, wert thou but here,

Sae blythe this nicht as we had been !

Thou wert a' the world to me, lassie, &c.

O how I miss the clear black ee,
That beam'd wi' love's ain kindly light :
Thy merry laugh—a melody
Nane ever heard without delight ;—
Thy bonny face, without a peer,—
Thy step, like music on the green ;
O lassie dear, wert thou but here,
Sae blythe this nicht as we had been.
Thou wert a' the world to me, lassie, &c.

But never mair, my lassie dear,
Thy foot shall press the springin' flower ;
Nae mair we'll wander free o' care,
Together at the gloamin' hour :
Thou'rt gone before to gardens fair,
Nae mortal ee has ever seen ;
O lassie dear, we miss thee sair,
How dull the dance this nicht has been.
Thou wert a' the world to me, lassie, &c.

SANDY.

My folk are a' teasing an' jeerin' me sair,
Feyther, mithers, an' sisters, an' grandey,*
An' picturin' aye what a funny like pair
There will be when I'm buckled wi' Sandy.

They cry that his head's like a towsy tar-map,
They're clear that his legs are sae bandy;
My feyther aye threeps that he has na a rap,
But I look na for siller wi' Sandy.

He's maybe no just sae weel made as Tam Glen,
Nor dresses sae daft-like an' dandy;
He's puir, an' his hair's rather birsy—but then,
Were he ither, he wadna be Sandy.

* An East Neuk of Fife-ism for grandfather.

My mither, wha used to be quiet an' douce,
Has changed to a terrible randy ;
The cat an' the doug maun flee out o' the house,
When she opens the subject o' Sandy ;

An' stiff she hauds out for the Grocer, her pet,
Sweet man ! like his ain sugar-candy,
While feyther protests the Exciseman shall yet
Tak the wind frae the sails o' my Sandy.

My certy I think a' my folk hae gane wud ;
The Exciseman's owre fond o' the brandy ;
An' the man that chows sweeties may e'en chow his
cud,
For he'll no get the better o' Sandy.

He's no like the guager, his face a' in plooks,
Nor, like Figs, speaks in English sae grand aye ;
An' he pays na sic heed to his claes as his books,—
O a sight o' book-lear has my Sandy !

E'en the Minister thinks a' my folk hae gane mad,
And his word our respect should command aye ;
But he kens my jo weel for a kirk-going lad,
An' that ale-houses seldom see Sandy.

Sae I'll buckle my plaid in my ain way for ance ;
Could it neater be set or sae handy ?
And I bid ye gude folks to a blythe weddin-dance,
Fixed for Saturday nicht by my Sandy.

SONG.

Tho' dark'ning clouds around me low'r,
 Tho' pale my cheek, and dim mine eye,
I would not change this little hour
 For all that India's gold could buy.
My thoughts from Earth are far away ;
 Beyond the skies, where all is bloom,
With her I lov'd ;—with her I lost,
 O call not this an hour of gloom.

Ah ! did I deem I stood alone,
 When my love pass'd away from me,—
Ah ! did I think my peace was gone,
 When looking on her “ death-shut ee ? ”
Immortal love ! that angel soul,
 I feel in rapture mix with mine ;
And Heaven has sent, to cheer my heart,
 A foretaste of its joys divine.

WEEL HODDLET LUCKIE. *

WEEL hoddlet Luckie !

Weel bobbit Luckie !

Troth but auld Luckie

Thou dancest weel !

Eh ! see douce John Tamson, 'hint backs in the corner,
Devouring his pie, like wise little Jack Horner ;
He's glowrin' as gin his auld een saw the deil ;
For faith Luckie Sharp, thou'rt as soople's an eel !

Weel hoddlet Luckie !

Weel bobbit Luckie !

Troth but auld Luckie

There's fire in thy heel.

* In Mr Robert Chambers' interesting introduction to his " Scottish Ballads," the owreword " Weel Hoddlet Luckie," *i. e.* well danced old woman ! is mentioned as the name of an old air, now out of fashion. It is represented in Redgauntlet as the air which Sir Robert Redgauntlet requested Wandering Willie's father to play in Hell.

He's out o' his corner, na sure wha but he !
He's stottin' about like a half-birsled pea ;
Now Luckie be mim as a gilpy young belle,
For the dounce honest elder's just wanting yoursell.

Weel hoddlet Luckie !

Weel bobbit Luckie !

Troth but auld Luckie

Thou'rt Queen o' the reel.

An' O as they caper'd about on the floor !
Nae four couple there could hae rais'd sic a stour ;
An' wagers are laid that to finish the freak,
She'll be Luckie Tamson in less than a week.

Weel hoddlet Luckie !

Weel bobbit Luckie !

Troth but auld Luckie

Thou dancest weel.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S PROPOSAL.

OLD BUSHBY sighing for a mate,

Addressed the fair Miss Swine,

“ Pray Madam shall we *conjugate* ? ”

No ! Doctor, we'll *decline* !

THO' I HAD A' THE GOWDEN STORE.

'Tno' I had a' the gowden store

In yonder sea,—in yonder sea ;

And a' the flocks that wanton o'er

Yon grassy lea,—yon grassy lea :

I'd gie the flocks for ae sweet blink

Frae thy blue ee,—frae thy blue ee ;

'Mid gowden store my heart would sink, '

If wanting thee,—if wanting thee.

O were yon towerin' castle mine,

But thou awa,—but thou awa,

Amid its grandeur I would pine,

An' spurn it a',—an' spurn it a'.

But by some cot, tho' ne'er sae wee,

An' thou wert mine,—an' thou wert mine,

The lee-lang day to toil for thee,

'Twere a' divine,—'twere a' divine.

THE GLOOMY LOVER.

BLESSINGS on thee Mary! oh say that word again!

O breathe it on the bosom where thy pure cheek has
lain;

My blessings on thee, dearest! where'er his footsteps go,
One comfort has the wanderer left in this drear world
below.

Believe not when thy sisters say, that I am proud and
cold;

They know not, dearest, half the griefs my lips have
left untold;

They know not, and they may not know, the struggles
of the past,

When Reason tottered on her throne beneath fell
Passion's blast.

They did not see the sister, I would have died to save,
Lured by a villain from her home, sink hopeless in
the grave ;—

My frantic mother follow her, too pure to suffer stain ;
O wonder not my features yet should fixed and stern
remain.

They did not see me, far from hence, stand by a
gloomy wood,

My hands twined in the spoiler's hair, and crimson'd
with his blood ;

O death ! I see again that face, like denizen's of hell,
Laugh, as he triumph'd, in the fall of her I lov'd so
well.

Ah ! I had cause for gloominess, but I have bared the
thorn ;

I cannot smile, as once I smil'd in life's delusive morn ;
Then list them not, mine own dear love, I am not
proud or cold ;

A heart like mine ne'er tells its tale as common tales
are told.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

For Music.

THE laddies plague me for a sang,

I e'en maun play the fule ;

I'll sing them ane about the days

When we were at the schule.

Though now the frosty pow is seen

Whaur ance wav'd gowden hair ;

An' mony a blythsome heart is cauld

Sin' first we sported there.

When we were at the schule, my frien',

When we were at the schule ;

An' O sae merry pranks we play'd

When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,
That used our lugs to pu',
An' Rob, the pest, an' Sugar Pouch,
An' canny Davie Dow.

O do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare, an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side,
An' sent it soomin' down?

When we, &c.

We thocht how clever a' was plann'd,
When, whatna voice was that?
A head is raised aboon the hedge,—
“ I'll thank ye for my hat!”
O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,—
Our het an' tinglin' paws,—
O weel I mind his awfu' look,
An' weel I mind his taws!

When we, &c.

O do ye mind at countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
'To catch us steal frae ither's slates,
An' jot it on our ain ?
An' how we fear'd at writin' hour
His glunches an' his glooms ;
How mony times a day he said,
Our fingers a' were thooms ?
When we, &c.

I'll ne'er forget the day ye stood,
'Twas manfu' like, yoursell,
An' took the pawmies an' the shame
To save wee Johnnie Bell ;
The maister found it out belyve,
He took ye on his knee,
An' as he gaz'd into your face,
The tear was in his ee.
When we, &c.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had craek'd auld Jenny's pane
When playin' at the ba'.
Nae pennies had we : Jenny grat ;—
It cut us to the core ;
Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,
An' left it at her door.

When we, &c.

An' sic a steer as granny made,
When tale-pyet Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leuch,
When leein' saddler Wat
Cam' in, an' threep't that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat.

When we, &c.

Ah, laddies, ye may wink awa' !

Truth maunna aye be tauld,

I fear the schules o' modern days

Are just siclike's the auld.

An' are na we but laddies yet,

An' get the name o' men ?

How sweet at ane's fireside to live

Thae happy days again !

When we were at the schule, my frien',

When we were at the schule,

An' fling the snawba's owre again

We flang when at the schule.

TO MY BOOK.

ADIEU my book ! with half reluctant hand,
I send thee forth into a bustling scene,
To live thy little week, and be forgot,
As thousands, worthier far, before have been.

Half I regret to draw aside the veil
From dreams gay Fancy wove in days of yore ;
And let unsympathizing strangers share
Sweet thoughts, long cherish'd in my bosom's core.

And queries grave intrude ; fain would I now
Interrogate the little world within,
And knocking at the portals of my heart,
Demand my right, applause for thee to win ?

Say, have I earn'd the praises of the good,
Of those whose suffrages I fain would crave :
Have I shewn grov'ling Vice his dastard face,
Or paid a fitting tribute to the brave ?

Have I held up the glass to Rank and Wealth,
Fatt'ning in unconcern, their ease secure,
And shrunk from standing forward in the gap,
And pleading for the proud and suffering poor ?

Have I not dream'd too much of mythic lore,—
Set my whole heart on idols worse than vain ;
And tuned my lyre to amorous, idle lays,
That might have swell'd into a nobler strain ?

Do I not pant to reach Paruassian heights,
And Zion's summit less inviting deem ;—
Have I not press'd to drink of Helicon,
And left untasted Siloa's purer stream ?

Do my thoughts wander after Homer's hymns,
And, marvelling, ponder on the Iliad's Jove ?

Too seldom, child-like, hang on Jesus' words,
Or, rapt, adore the Bible's God of Love?

Ah, yes ! my dreams are vanities, my strains
Are levities, foredoom'd to be forgot ;
Yet were the numbers to be sung again,
I fain, methinks, would strike a higher note.

But, ah ! my sunny hour of song is past,
Th' impatient Muse for flight has plum'd her wings ;
Wisdom and Prudence whisper, " let her fly !"
And Duty sternly points to graver things.

Adieu, then, gentle Muse ! whose breathings low,
Like pleasant bee-hum, long have sooth'd mine ear,
And whisper'd consolations to my heart,
When dark the prospect seemed, and all was drear.

Adieu, Elysian fields ! as fresh and fair
As when sweet Virgil sought thy myrtle shade ;
But never more for me shall piping Faun,
Or sportive Dryad, haunt the sylvan glade.

My Book ! begun in joy, as swell'd thy page,
How full my cup—how laughing Hope beguiled ;
Two roses, on one stem—twin babes of love,
On their young father's labours mightly smiled.

But Death came sudden to the ingle warm,
While crow'd the cherubs on their mother's knee ;
And little Harriet with her bright blue eyes,
In Beauty's opening dawn was reft from me.

Vain, vain would empty praise be now to him,
Doom'd by a chastening hand to weep and mourn
The innocent he would have died to save,—
One darling prattler from his bosom torn.

FINIS.



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